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Denis Duval.

CHAPTER VI.

I ESCAPE FROM A GREAT DANGER.



I SPOKE of the affair of the brick-bats, at home, to Monsieur de la Motte only, not caring to tell mother, lest she should be inclined to resume her box-on-the-ear practice, for which I thought I was growing too old. Indeed, I had become a great boy. There were not half-a-dozen out of the sixty at Pocock's who could beat me when I was thirteen years old, and from these champions, were they ever so big, I never would submit to a thrashing, without a fight on my part, in which, though I might get the worst, I was pretty sure to leave some ugly marks on my adversary's nose and eyes. I remember one lad especially, Tom Parrot by name, who was three years older than myself, and whom I could no more beat than a frigate can beat a seventy-four; but we engaged nevertheless, and, after we

had had some rounds together, Tom put one hand in his pocket, and, with a queer face and a great black eye I had given him, says—"Well,

Denny, I could do it—you know I could: but I'm so lazy, I don't care about going on." And one of the bottle-holders beginning to jeer, Tom fetches him such a rap on the ear, that I promise you he showed no inclination for laughing afterwards. By the way, that knowledge of the noble art of fisticuffs which I learned at school, I had to practise at sea presently, in the cockpit of more than one of his Majesty's ships of war.

In respect of the slapping and caning at home, I think M. de la Motte remonstrated with my mother, and represented to her that I was now too old for that kind of treatment. Indeed, when I was fourteen, I was as tall as grandfather, and in a tussle I am sure I could have tripped his old heels up easily enough, and got the better of him in five minutes. Do I speak of him with undue familiarity? I pretend no love for him; I never could have any respect. Some of his practices which I knew of made me turn from him, and his loud professions only increased my distrust. *Monsieur mon fils*, if ever you marry, and have a son, I hope the little chap will have an honest man for a grandfather, and that you will be able to say, "I loved him," when the daisies cover me.

La Motte, then, caused "the abolition of torture" in our house, and I was grateful to him. I had the queerest feelings towards that man. He was a perfect fine gentleman when he so wished; of his money most liberal, witty (in a dry, *cruel* sort of way)—most tenderly attached to Agnes. *Eh bien!* As I looked at his yellow, handsome face, cold shudders would come over me, though at this time I did not know that Agnes's father had fallen by his fatal hand.

When I informed him of Mr. Joe Weston's salute of brickbats, he looked very grave. And I told him then, too, a thing which had struck me most forcibly—viz., that the shout which Weston gave, and the oath which he uttered when he saw me on the wall, were precisely like the oath and execration uttered by *the man with the craped face*, at whom I fired from the post-chaise.

"*Bah, bêtise!*" says La Motte. "What didst thou on the wall? One does not steal pears at thy age."

I daresay I turned red. "I heard somebody's voice," I said. "In fact, I heard Agnes singing in the garden, and—and I got on the wall to see her."

"What, you—you, a little barber's boy, climb a wall to speak to Mademoiselle Agnes de Saverne, of one of the most noble houses of Lorraine?" La Motte yelled, with a savage laugh. "*Parbleu!* Monsieur Weston has well done!"

"Sir!" said I, in a towering rage. "Barber as I am, my fathers were honourable Protestant clergymen in Alsace, and we are as good as highwaymen, at any rate! Barber, indeed!" I say again. "And now I am ready to swear that the man who swore at me, and the man I shot on the road, are one and the same; and I'll go to Dr. Barnard's, and swear it before him!"

The chevalier looked aghast, and threatening for awhile. "*Tu me menaces, je crois, petit manant!*" says he, grinding his teeth. "This is too strong. Listen, Denis Duval! Hold thy tongue, or evil will come to thee. Thou wilt make for thyself enemies the most unscrupulous, and the most terrible—do you hear? I have placed Mademoiselle Agnes de Saverne with that admirable woman, Mistriss Weston, because she can meet at the Priory with society more fitting her noble birth than that which she will find under your grandfather's pole—*parbleu*. Ah, you dare mount on wall to look for Mademoiselle de Saverne? *Gare aux manstraps, mon garçon! Vive Dieu*. If I see thee on that wall, I will fire on thee, *moi le premier!* You pretend to Mademoiselle Agnes. Ha! ha! ha!" And he grinned and looked like that cloven-footed gentleman of whom Dr. Barnard talked.

I felt that henceforward there was war between La Motte and me. At this time I had suddenly shot up to be a young man, and was not the obedient, prattling child of last year. I told grandfather that I would bear no more punishment, such as the old man had been accustomed to bestow upon me; and once when my mother lifted her hand, I struck it up, and griped it so tight that I frightened her. From that very day she never raised a hand to me. Nay, I think she was not ill pleased, and soon actually began to spoil me. Nothing was too good for me. I know where the silk came from which made my fine new waistcoat, and the cambric for my ruffled shirts, but very much doubt whether they ever paid any duty. As I walked to church, I daresay I cocked my hat, and strutted very consequentially. When Tom Billis, the baker's boy, jeered at my fine clothes, "Tom," says I, "I will take my coat and waiscoat off for half an hour on Monday, and give thee a beating if thou hast a mind; but to-day let us be at peace, and go to church."

On the matter of church I am not going to make any boast. That awful subject lies between a man and his conscience. I have known men of lax faith pure and just in their lives, as I have met very loud-professing Christians loose in their morality, and hard and unjust in their dealings. There was a little old man at home—Heaven help him!—who was of this sort, and who, when I came to know his life, would put me into such a rage of revolt whilst preaching his daily and nightly sermons, that it is a wonder I was not enlisted among the scoffers and evil-doers altogether. I have known many a young man fall away, and become utterly reprobate, because the bond of discipline was tied too tightly upon him, and because he has found the preacher who was perpetually prating over him lax in his own conduct. I am thankful, then, that I had a better instructor than my old grandfather with his strap and his cane; and was brought (I hope and trust) to a right state of thinking by a man whose brain was wise, as his life was excellently benevolent and pure. This was my good friend Dr. Barnard, and to this day I remember the conversations I had with him, and am quite sure they influenced my future life. Had I been altogether reckless and as lawless as many people

of our acquaintance and neighbourhood, he would have ceased to feel any interest in me; and instead of wearing his Majesty's epaulets (which I trust I have not disgraced), I might have been swabbing a smuggler's boat, or riding in a night caravan, with kegs beside me and pistols and cutlasses to defend me, as that unlucky La Motte owned for his part that he had done. My good mother, though she gave up the practice of smuggling, never could see the harm in it; but looked on it as a game where you played your stake, and lost or won it. She ceased to play, not because it was wrong, but it was expedient no more; and Mr. Denis, her son, was the cause of her giving up this old trade.

For me, I thankfully own that I was taught to see the matter in a graver light, not only by our doctor's sermons (two or three of which, on the text of "Render unto Cæsar," he preached to the rage of a great number of his congregation), but by many talks which he had with me; when he showed me that I was in the wrong to break the laws of my country to which I owed obedience, as did every good citizen. He knew (though he never told me, and his reticence in this matter was surely very kind) that my poor father had died of wounds received in a smuggling encounter: but he showed me how such a life must be loose, lawless, secret, and wicked; must bring a man amongst desperate companions, and compel him to resist Cæsar's lawful authority by rebellion, and possibly murder. "To thy mother I have used other arguments, Denny, my boy," he said, very kindly. "I and the Admiral want to make a gentleman of thee. Thy old grandfather is rich enough to help us if he chooses. I won't stop to inquire too strictly where all his money came from;* but 'tis clear we cannot make a gentleman of a smuggler's boy, who may be transported any day, or, in case of armed resistance, may be——" And here my good doctor puts his hand to his ear, and indicates the punishment for piracy which was very common in my young time. "My Denny does not want to ride with a crape over his face, and fire pistols at revenue officers! No! I pray you will ever show an honest countenance to the world. You will render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's, and—the rest, my child, you know."

Now, I remarked about this man, that when he approached a *certain subject*, an involuntary awe came over him, and he hushed as it were at the very idea of that sacred theme. It was very different with poor grandfather prating his sermons (and with some other pastors I have heard), who used this Name as familiarly as any other, and . . . but who am I to judge? and, my poor old grandfather, is there any need at this distance of time that I should be picking out the *trabem in oculo tuo*? Howbeit, on that night, as I was walking home after drinking tea with my dear doctor, I made a vow that I would strive henceforth to lead an honest life; that my tongue should speak the truth,

* Eheu! where a part of it *went to*, I shall have to say presently.—D. D.

and my hand should be sullied by no secret crime. And as I spoke I saw my dearest little maiden's light glimmering in her chamber, and the stars shining overhead, and felt—who could feel more bold and happy than I?

That walk schoolwards by West Street certainly was a *détour*. I might have gone a straighter road, but then I should not have seen a *certain window*: a little twinkling window in a gable of the Priory House, where the light used to be popped out at nine o'clock. To other day, when we took over the King of France to Calais (his Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence being in command), I must needs hire a post-chaise from Dover, to look at that old window in the Priory House at Winchelsea. I went through the old tears, despairs, tragedies. I sighed as sentimentally, after forty years, as though the *infandi dolores* were fresh upon me, as though I were the schoolboy trudging back to his task, and taking a last look at his dearest joy. I used as a boy to try and pass that window at nine, and I know a prayer was said for the inhabitant of yonder chamber. She knew my holidays, and my hours of going to school and returning thence. If my little maid hung certain signals in that window (such as a flower, for example, to indicate all was well, a cross-curtain, and so forth), I hope she practised no very unjustifiable stratagems. We agreed to consider that she was a prisoner in the hands of the enemy; and we had few means of communication save these simple artifices, which are allowed to be fair in love and war. Monsieur de la Motte continued to live at our house, when his frequent affairs did not call him away thence; but, as I said, few words passed between us after that angry altercation already described, and he and I were never friends again.

He warned me that I had another enemy, and facts strangely confirmed the chevalier's warning. One Sunday night, as I was going to school, a repetition of the brickbat assault was made upon me, and this time the smart cocked hat which mother had given me came in for such a battering as effectually spoiled its modish shape. I told Dr. Barnard of this second attempt, and the good doctor was not a little puzzled. He began to think that he was not so very wrong in espying a beam in Joseph Weston's eye. We agreed to keep the matter quiet, however, and a fortnight after, on another Sunday evening, as I was going on my accustomed route to school, whom should I meet but the doctor and Mr. Weston walking together! A little way beyond the town gate there is a low wall round a field; and Dr. Barnard, going by this field *a quarter of an hour before my usual time for passing*, found Mr. Joseph Weston walking there behind the stone enclosure!

"Good-night, Denny," says the doctor, when he and his companion met me; but surly Mr. Weston said nothing. "Have you had any more brickbats at your head, my boy?" the rector continued.

I said I was not afraid. I had got a good pistol, and *a bullet* in it this time.

"He shot that scoundrel on the same day you were shot, Mr. Weston," says the doctor.

"Did he?" growls the other.

"And your gun was loaded with the same-sized shot which Denis used to pepper *his* rascal," continues the doctor. "I wonder if any of the crape went into the rascal's wound?"

"Sir," said Mr. Weston, with an oath, "what do you mean for to hint?"

"The very oath the fellow used whom Denny hit when your brother and I travelled together. I am sorry to hear you use the language of such scoundrels, Mr. Weston."

"If you dare to suspect me of anything unbecoming a gentleman, I'll have the law of you, Mr. Parson, that I will!" roars the other.

"*Denis, mon garçon, tire ton pistolet de suite, et vise moi bien cet homme là,*" says the doctor; and gripping hold of Weston's arm, what does Dr. Barnard do but plunge his hand into Weston's pocket, and draw thence *another* pistol! He said afterwards he saw the brass butt sticking out of Weston's coat, as the two were walking together.

"What!" shrieks Mr. Weston; "is that young miscreant to go about armed, and tell everybody he will murder me; and ain't I for to defend myself? I walk in fear of my life for him!"

"You seem to me to be in the habit of travelling with pistols, Mr. Weston, and you know when people pass sometimes with money in their post-chaises."

"You scoundrel, you—you boy! I call you to witness the words this man have spoken. He have insulted me, and libelled me, and I'll have the *lor* on him as sure as I am born!" shouts the angry man.

"Very good, Mr. Joseph Weston," replied the other fiercely. "And I will ask Mr. Blades, the surgeon, to bring the shot which he took from your eye, and the scraps of crape adhering to your face, and we will go to *lor* as soon as you like!"

Again I thought with a dreadful pang how Agnes was staying in that man's house, and how this quarrel would more than ever divide her from me; for now she would not be allowed to visit the rectory—the dear neutral ground where I sometimes hoped to see her.

Weston never went to law with the doctor, as he threatened. Some awkward questions would have been raised, which he would have found a difficulty in answering: and though he averred that his accident took place on the day before our encounter with the *beau masque* on Dartford Common, a little witness on our side was ready to aver that Mr. Joe Weston left his house at the Priory before sunrise on the day when we took our journey to London, and that he returned the next morning with his eye bound up, when he sent for Mr. Blades, the surgeon of our town. Being awake, and looking from her window, my witness saw Weston mount his horse by the stable-lantern below, and heard him swear at the

groom as he rode out at the gate. Curses used to drop naturally out of this nice gentleman's lips; and it is certain in his case that bad words and bad actions went together.

The Westons were frequently absent from home, as was the chevalier our lodger. My dear little Agnes was allowed to come and see us at these times; or slipped out by the garden-door, and ran to see her nurse Duval, as she always called my mother. I did not understand for a while that there was any prohibition on the Westons' part to Agnes visiting us, or know that there was such mighty wrath harboured against me in that house.

I was glad, for the sake of a peaceable life at home, as for honesty's sake too, that my mother did not oppose my determination to take no share in that smuggling business in which our house still engaged. Any one who opposed mother in her own house had, I promise you, no easy time: but she saw that if she wished to make a gentleman of her boy, he must be no smuggler's apprentice; and when M. le Chevalier, being appealed to, shrugged his shoulders and said he washed his hands of me—"Eh bien, M. de la Motte!" says she, "we shall see if we can't pass ourselves of you and your patronage. I imagine that people are not always the better for it." "No," replied he, with a groan, and one of his gloomy looks, "my friendship may do people harm, but my enmity is worse—*entendez vous?*" "Bah, bah!" says the stout old lady. "Denisot has a good courage of his own. What do you say to me about enmity to a harmless boy, M. le Chevalier?"

I have told how, on the night of the funeral of Madame de Saverne, Monsieur de la Motte sent me out to assemble his Mackerel men. Among these was the father of one of my town play-fellows, by name Hookham, a seafaring man, who had met with an accident at his business—strained his back—and was incapable of work for a time. Hookham was an improvident man: the rent got into arrears. My grandfather was his landlord, and I fear me, not the most humane creditor in the world. Now, when I returned home after my famous visit to London, my patron, Sir Peter Denis, gave me two guineas, and my lady made me a present of another. No doubt I should have spent this money had I received it sooner in London; but in our little town of Winchelsea there was nothing to tempt me in the shops, except a fowling-piece at the pawnbroker's, for which I had a great longing. But Mr. Triboulet wanted four guineas for the gun, and I had but three, and would not go into debt. He would have given me the piece on credit, and frequently tempted me with it, but I resisted manfully, though I could not help hankering about the shop, and going again and again to look at the beautiful gun. The stock fitted my shoulder to a nicety. It was of the most beautiful workmanship. "Why not take it now, Master Duval?" Monsieur Triboulet said to me; "and pay me the remaining guinea when you please. Ever so many gentlemen have been to look at it; and I should be sorry now, indeed I should, to see such a beauty go out of the town." As I was talking to

Triboulet (it may have been for the tenth time), some one came in with a telescope to pawn, and went away with fifteen shillings. "Don't you know who that is?" says Triboulet (who was a chatter-box of a man). "That is John Hookham's wife. It is but hard times with them since John's accident. I have more of their goods here, and, *entre nous*, John has a hard landlord, and quarter-day is just at hand." I knew well enough that John's landlord was hard, as he was my own grandfather. "If I take my three pieces to Hookham," thought I, "he may find the rest of the rent;" and so he did; and my three guineas went into my grandfather's pocket out of mine; and I suppose some one else bought the fowling-piece for which I had so longed.

"What, it is *you* who have given me this money, Master Denis?" says poor Hookham, who was sitting in his chair, groaning and haggard with his illness. "I can't take it—I ought not to take it."

"Nay," said I; "I should only have bought a toy with it, and if it comes to help you in distress, I can do without my plaything."

There was quite a chorus of benedictions from the poor family in consequence of this act of good nature; and I daresay I went away from Hookham's mightily pleased with myself and my own virtue.

It appears I had not been gone long when Mr. Joe Weston came in to see the man, and when he heard that I had relieved him, broke out into a flood of abuse against me, cursed me for a scoundrel and impertinent jackanapes, who was always giving myself the airs of a gentleman, and flew out of the house in a passion. Mother heard of the transaction, too, and pinched my ear with a grim satisfaction. Grandfather said nothing, but pocketed my three guineas when Mrs. Hookham brought them; and, though I did not brag about the matter much, everything is known in a small town, and I got a great deal of credit for a very ordinary good action.

And now, strangely enough, Hookham's boy confirmed to me what the Slindon priests had hinted to good Dr. Barnard. "Swear," says Tom (with that wonderful energy we used to have as boys)—"swear, Denis, 'So help you, strike you down dead!' you never will tell!"

"So help me, strike me down dead!" said I.

"Well, then, those—you know who—the gentlemen—want to do you some mischief."

"What mischief can they do to an honest boy?" I asked.

"Oh, you don't know what they are," says Tom. "If they mean a man harm, harm will happen to him. Father says no man ever comes to good who stands in Mr. Joe's way. Where's John Wheeler, of Rye, who had a quarrel with Mr. Joe? He's in gaol. Mr. Barnes, of Playden, had words with him at Hastings market: and Barnes' ricks were burnt down before six months were over. How was Thomas Berry taken, after deserting from the man-of-war? He is an awful man, Mr. Joe Weston is. Don't get into his way. Father says so. But you are not to tell—no, never, that he spoke about it. Don't go alone to Rye of nights, father

says. Don't go on any—and you know what not—any *fishing* business, except with those you know." And so Tom leaves me with a finger to his lip and terror in his face.

As for the *fishing*, though I loved a sail dearly, my mind was made up by good Dr. Barnard's advice to me. I would have no more night-fishing such as I had seen sometimes as a boy; and when Rudge's apprentice one night invited me, and called me a coward for refusing to go, I showed him I was no coward as far as fisticuffs went, and stood out a battle with him, in which I do believe I should have proved conqueror, though the fellow was four years my senior, had not his ally, Miss Sukey Rudge, joined him in the midst of our fight, and knocked me down with the kitchen bellows, when they both belaboured me, as I lay kicking on the ground. Mr. Elder Rudge came in at the close of this dreadful combat, and his abandoned hussy of a daughter had the impudence to declare that the quarrel arose because I was rude to her—I, an innocent boy, who would as soon have made love to a negress, as to that hideous, pock-marked, squinting, crooked, tipsy Sukey Rudge. I fall in love with Miss Squintum, indeed! I knew a pair of eyes at home so bright, innocent, and pure, that I should have been ashamed to look in them had I been guilty of such a rascally treason. My little maid of Winchelsea heard of this battle, as she was daily hearing slanders against me from those *worthy* Mr. Westons; but she broke into a rage at the accusation, and said to the assembled gentlemen (as she told my good mother in after days), "Denis Duval is *not* wicked. He is brave and he is good. And it is not true, the story you tell against him. It is a lie!"

And now, once more it happened that my little pistol helped to confound my enemies, and was to me, indeed, a *gute Wehr und Waffen*. I was for ever popping at marks with this little piece of artillery. I polished, oiled, and covered it with the utmost care, and kept it in my little room in a box of which I had the key. One day, by a most fortunate chance, I took my schoolfellow, Tom Parrot, who became a great crony of mine, into the room. We went upstairs, by the private door of Rudge's house, and not through the shop, where Mademoiselle Figs and Monsieur the apprentice were serving their customers; and arrived in my room, we boys opened my box, examined the precious pistol, screw, barrel, flints, powder-horn, &c., locked the box, and went away to school, promising ourselves a good afternoon's sport on that half-holiday. Lessons over, I returned home to dinner, to find black looks from all the inmates of the house where I lived, from the grocer, his daughter, his apprentice, and even the little errand-boy who blacked the boots and swept the shop stared at me impertinently, and said, "Oh, Denis, ain't you going to catch it!"

"What is the matter?" I asked, very haughtily.

"Oh, my lord! We'll soon show your lordship what is the matter." (This was a silly nickname I had in the town and at school, where, I believe, I gave myself not a few airs since I had worn my fine new clothes,

and paid my visit to London.) "This accounts for his laced waistcoat, and his guineas which he flings about. Does your lordship know these here shillings and this half-crown? Look at them, Mr. Beales! See the marks on them which I scratched with my own hand before I put them into the till from which my lord took 'em."

Shillings—till? What did they mean? "How dare you ask, you little hypocrite!" screams out Miss Rudge. "I marked them shillings and that half-crown with my own needle, I did; and of that I can take my Bible oath."

"Well, and what then?" I asked, remembering how this young woman had not scrupled to bear false witness in another charge against me.

"What then? They were in the till this morning, young fellow; and you know well enough where they were found afterwards," says Mr. Beales. "Come, come. This is a bad job. This is a sessions job, my lad."

"But where *were* they found?" again I asked.

"We'll tell you that before Squire Boroughs and the magistrates, you young vagabond!"

"You little viper, that have turned and stung me!"

"You precious young scoundrel!"

"You wicked little story-telling, good-for-nothing little thief!" cry Rudge, the apprentice, and Miss Rudge in a breath. And I stood bewildered by their outcry, and, indeed, not quite comprehending the charge which they made against me.

"The magistrates are sitting at Town Hall now. We will take the little villain there at once," says the grocer. "You bring the box along with you, constable. Lord! Lord! what will his poor grandfather say?" And, wondering still at the charge made against me, I was made to walk through the streets to the Town Hall, passing on the way by at least a score of our boys, who were enjoying their half-holiday. It was market-day, too, and the town full. It is forty years ago, but I dream about that dreadful day still; and, an old gentleman of sixty, fancy myself walking through Rye market, with Mr. Beales' fist clutching my collar!

A number of our boys joined this dismal procession, and accompanied me into the magistrates' room. "Denis Duval up for stealing money!" cries one. "This accounts for his fine clothes," sneers another. "He'll be hung," says a third. The market people stare, and crowd round, and jeer. I feel as if in a horrible nightmare. We pass under the pillars of the Market House, up the steps, to the Town Hall, where the magistrates were, who chose market-day for their sittings.

How my heart throbbed, as I saw my dear Dr. Barnard seated among them.

"Oh, doctor!" cries poor Denis, clasping his hands, "*you don't believe me guilty?*"

"Guilty of what?" cries the doctor, from the raised table round which the gentlemen sate.

"Guilty of stealing."

"Guilty of robbing my till."

"Guilty of taking two half-crowns, three shillings, and twopence in copper, all marked," shriek out Rudge, the apprentice, and Miss Rudge, in a breath.

"Denny Duval steal sixpences!" cries the doctor; "I would as soon believe he stole the dragon off the church-steeple!"

"Silence, you boys! Silence in the court, there; or flog 'em and turn 'em all out!" says the magistrates' clerk. Some of our boys—friends of mine—who had crowded into the place, were hurrying at my kind Doctor Barnard's speech.

"It is a most serious charge," says the clerk.

"But what is the charge, my good Mr. Hickson? You might as well put me into the dock as that——"

"Pray, sir, will you allow the business of the court to go on?" asks the clerk, testily. "Make your statement, Mr. Rudge, and don't be afraid of anybody. You are under the protection of the court, sir."

And now for the first time I heard the particulars of the charge made against me. Rudge, and his daughter after him, stated (on oath, I am shocked to say) that for some time past they had missed money from the till; small sums of money, in shillings and half-crowns, they could not say how much. It might be two pounds, three pounds, in all; but the money was constantly going. At last, Miss Rudge said, she was determined to mark some money, and did so; and that money was found in that box which belonged to Denis Duval, and which the constable brought into court.

"Oh, gentlemen!" I cried out in an agony, "it's a wicked, wicked lie, and it's not the first she has told about me. A week ago she said I wanted to kiss her, and she and Bevil both set on me; and I never wanted to kiss the nasty thing, so help me——"

"You did, you lying, wicked boy!" cries Miss Sukey. "And Edward Bevil came to my rescue; and you struck me, like a low, mean coward; and we beat him well, and served him right, the little abandoned boy."

"And he kicked one of my teeth out—you did, you little villain!" roars Bevil, whose jaw had indeed suffered in that scuffle in the kitchen, when his precious sweetheart came to his aid with the bellows.

"He called me a coward, and I fought him fair, though he is ever so much older than me," whimpers out the prisoner. "And Sukey Rudge set upon me, and beat me too; and if I kicked him, he kicked me."

"And since this kicking match they have found out that you stole their money, have they?" says the doctor, and turns round, appealing to his brother magistrates.

"Miss Rudge, please to tell the rest of your story," calls out the justices' clerk.

The rest of the Rudges' story was, that, having their suspicions roused against me, they determined to examine my cupboards and boxes in my absence, to see whether the stolen objects were to be found, and in my box they discovered the two marked half-crowns, the three marked shillings, a brass-barrelled pistol, which were now in court. "Me and Mr. Bevil, the apprentice, found the money in the box; and we called my papa from the shop, and we fetched Mr. Beales, the constable, who lives over the way; and when that little monster came back from school, we seized upon him, and brought him before your worships, and hanging is what I said he would always come to," shrieks my enemy Miss Rudge.

"Why, I have the key of that box in my pocket now!" I cried out.

"We had means of opening of it," says Miss Rudge, looking very red.

"Oh, if you have another key—," interposes the doctor.

"We broke it open with the tongs and poker," says Miss Rudge, "me and Edward did—I mean Mr. Bevil, the apprentice."

"When?" said I, in a great tremor.

"When? When you was at school, you little miscreant! Half an hour before you came back to dinner."

"Tom Parrot, Tom Parrot!" I cried. "Call Tom Parrot, gentlemen. For goodness' sake call Tom!" I said, my heart beating so that I could hardly speak.

"Here I am, Denny!" pipes Tom in the crowd; and presently he comes up to their honours on the bench.

"Speak to Tom, Doctor, dear Doctor Barnard!" I continued. "Tom, when did I show you my pistol?"

"Just before ten o'clock school."

"What did I do?"

"You unlocked your box, took the pistol out of a handkerchief, showed it to me, and two flints, a powder-horn, a bullet-mould and some bullets, and put them back again, and locked the box."

"Was there any money in the box?"

"There was nothing in the box but the pistol, and the bullets and things. I looked into it. It was as empty as my hand."

"And Denis Duval has been sitting by you in school ever since?"

"Ever since—except when I was called up and caned for my *Corde-rius*," says Tom, with a reguish look; and there was a great laughter and shout of applause from our boys of Pocock's when this testimony was given in their schoolfellow's favour.

My kind doctor held his hand over the railing to me, and when I took it, my heart was so full that my eyes overflowed. I thought of little Agnes. What would she have felt if her Denis had been committed as a thief? I had such a rapture of thanks and gratitude that I think the pleasure of the acquittal was more than equivalent to the anguish of the

accusation. What a shout all Pocock's boys set up, as I went out of the justice-room! We trooped joyfully down the stairs, and there were fresh shouts and huzzays as we got down to the market. I saw Mr. Joe Weston buying corn at a stall. He only looked at me once. His grinding teeth and his clenched riding-whip did not frighten me in the least now.

CHAPTER VII.

THE LAST OF MY SCHOOL-DAYS.

As our joyful procession of boys passed by Partlett's the pastrycook's, one of the boys—Samuel Arbin—I remember the fellow well—a greedy boy, with a large beard and whiskers, though only fifteen years old—insisted that I ought to stand treat, in consequence of my victory over my enemies. As far as a groat went, I said I was ready: for that was all the money I had.

"Oh, you storyteller!" cries the other. "What have you done with your three guineas which you were bragging about and showing to the boys at school? I suppose they were in the box when it was broken open." This Samuel Arbin was one of the boys who had jeered when I was taken in charge by the constable, and would have liked me to be guilty, I almost think. I am afraid I had bragged about my money when I possessed it, and may have shown my shining gold pieces to some of the boys in school.

"I know what he has done with his money!" broke in my steadfast crony Tom Parrot. "He has given away every shilling of it to a poor family who wanted it, and nobody ever knew *you* give away a shilling, Samuel Arbin," he says.

"Unless he could get eighteenpence by it!" sang out another little voice.

"Tom Parrot, I'll break every bone in your body, as sure as my name is Arbin!" cried the other, in a fury.

"Sam Arbin," said I, "after you have finished Tom, you must try me; or we'll do it now, if you like." To say the truth, I had long had an inclination to try my hand against Arbin. He was an ill friend to me, and amongst the younger boys a bully and a usurer to boot. The rest called out, "A ring! a ring! Let us go on the green and have it out!" being in their innocent years always ready for a fight.

But this one was never to come off: and (except, in later days, when I went to revisit the old place, and ask for a half-holiday for my young successors at Pocock's), I was never again to see the ancient schoolroom. While we boys were brawling in the market-place before

the pastrycook's door, Dr. Barnard came up, and our quarrel was hushed in a moment.

"What! fighting and quarrelling already?" says the doctor, sternly.

"It wasn't Denny's fault, sir!" cried out several of the boys. "It was Arbin began." And, indeed, I can say for myself that in all the quarrels I have had in life, and they have not been few, I consider I *always* have been in the right.

"Come along with me, Denny," says the doctor, taking me by the shoulder: and he led me away and we took a walk in the town together: and as we passed old Ypres Tower, which was built by King Stephen, they say, and was a fort in old days, but is used as the town prison now, "Suppose you had been looking from behind those bars now, Denny, and awaiting your trial at assizes? Yours would not have been a pleasant plight," Dr. Barnard said.

"But I was innocent, sir! You know I was!"

"Yes. Praise be where praise is due. But if you had not providentially been able to prove your innocence—if you and your friend Parrot had not happened to inspect your box, you would have been in yonder place. Ha! there is the bell ringing for afternoon service, which my good friend Dr. Wing keeps up. What say you? Shall we go and—and—offer up our thanks, Denny—for the—the immense peril from which—you have been—delivered?"

I remember how my dear friend's voice trembled as he spoke, and two or three drops fell from his kind eyes on my hand, which he held. I followed him into the church. Indeed and indeed I was thankful for my deliverance from a great danger, and even more thankful to have the regard of the true gentleman, the wise and tender friend, who was there to guide, and cheer, and help me.

As we read the last psalm appointed for that evening service, I remember how the good man, bowing his own head, put his hand upon mine; and we recited together the psalm of thanks to the Highest who had had respect unto the lowly, and who had stretched forth His hand upon the furiousness of my enemies, and whose right hand had saved me.

Dr. Wing recognized and greeted his comrade when service was over: and the one doctor presented me to the other, who had been one of the magistrates on the bench at the time of my trial. Dr. Wing asked us into his house, where dinner was served at four o'clock, and of course the transactions of the morning were again discussed. What could be the reason of the persecution against me? Who instigated it? There were matters connected with this story regarding which I *could* not speak. Should I do so, I must betray secrets which were not mine, and which implicated I knew not whom, and regarding which I must hold my peace. Now, they are secrets no more. That old society of smugglers is dissolved long ago: nay, I shall have to tell presently how I helped myself to break it up. Grandfather, Rudge, the chevalier, the gentlemen of the

Priory, were all connected in that great smuggling society of which I have spoken; which had its depôts all along the coast and inland, and its correspondents from Dunkirk to Havre de Grace. I have said as a boy how I had been on some of these "fishing" expeditions; and how, mainly by the effect of my dear doctor's advice, I had withdrawn from all participation in this lawless and wicked life. When Bevil called me coward for refusing to take a share in a night-cruise, a quarrel ensued between us, ending in that battle royal which left us all sprawling, and cuffing and kicking each other on the kitchen floor. Was it rage at the injury to her sweetheart's teeth, or hatred against myself, which induced my sweet Miss Sukey to propagate calumnies against me? The provocation I had given certainly did not seem to warrant such a deadly enmity as a prosecution and a perjury showed must exist. Howbeit, here was a reason for the anger of the grocer's daughter and apprentice. They would injure me in any way they could; and (as in the before-mentioned case of the bellows) take the first weapon at hand to overthrow me.

As magistrates of the county, and knowing a great deal of what was happening round about them, and the character of their parishioners and neighbours, the two gentlemen could not, then, press me too closely. Smuggled silk and lace, rum and brandy? Who had not these in his possession along the Sussex and Kent coast? "And, Wing, will you promise me there are no ribbons in your house but such as have paid duty?" asks one doctor of the other.

"My good friend, it is lucky my wife has gone to her tea-table," replies Dr. Wing, "or I would not answer for the peace being kept."

"My dear Wing," continues Dr. Barnard, "this brandy punch is excellent, and is worthy of being smuggled. To run an anker of brandy seems no monstrous crime; but when men engage in these lawless ventures at all, who knows how far the evil will go? I buy ten kegs of brandy from a French fishing-boat, I land it under a lie on the coast, I send it inland ever so far, be it from here to York, and all my consignees lie and swindle. I land it, and lie to the revenue officer. Under a lie (that is a mutual secrecy), I sell it to the landlord of the 'Bell' at Maidstone, say—where a good friend of ours, Denny, looked at his pistols. You remember the day when his brother received the charge of shot in his face? My landlord sells it to a customer under a lie. We are all engaged in crime, conspiracy, and falsehood; nay, if the revenue looks too closely after us, we out with our pistols, and to crime and conspiracy add murder. Do you suppose men engaged in lying every day will scruple about a false oath in a witness-box? Crime engenders crime, sir. Round about *us*, Wing, I know there exists a vast confederacy of fraud, greed, and rebellion. I name no names, sir. I fear men high placed in the world's esteem, and largely endowed with its riches too, are concerned in the pursuit of this godless traffic of smuggling, and to what does it not lead them? To falsehood, to wickedness, to murder, to——"

"Tea, sir, if you please, sir," says John, entering. "My mistress and the young ladies are waiting."

The ladies had previously heard the story of poor Denis Duval's persecution and innocence, and had shown him great kindness. By the time when we joined them after dinner, they had had time to perform a new toilette, being engaged to cards with some neighbours. I knew Mrs. Wing was a customer to my mother for some of her French goods, and she would scarcely, on an ordinary occasion, have admitted such a lowly guest to her table as the humble dressmaker's boy; but she and the ladies were very kind, and my persecution and proved innocence had interested them in my favour.

"You have had a long sitting, gentlemen," says Mrs. Wing; "I suppose you have been deep in politics, and the quarrel with France."

"We have been speaking of France, and French goods, my dear," said Dr. Wing, dryly.

"And of the awful crime of smuggling and encouraging smuggling, my dear Mrs. Wing!" cries my doctor.

"Indeed, Dr. Barnard!" Now, Mrs. Wing and the young ladies were dressed in smart new caps, and ribbons, which my poor mother supplied; and *they* turned red, and I turned as red as the cap-ribbons, as I thought how my good ladies had been provided. No wonder Mrs. Wing was desirous to change the subject of conversation.

"What is this young man to do after his persecution?" she asked. "He can't go back to Mr. Rudge—that horrid Wesleyan who has accused him of stealing."

No, indeed, I could not go back. We had not thought about the matter until then. There had been a hundred things to agitate and interest me in the half-dozen hours since my apprehension and dismissal.

The doctor would take me to Winchelsea in his chaise. I could not go back to my persecutors, that was clear, except to reclaim my little property and my poor little boxes, which they had found means to open. Mrs. Wing gave me a hand, the young ladies a stately curtsy; and my good Dr. Barnard putting a hand under the arm of the barber's grandson, we quitted these kind people. I was not on the quarter-deck as yet, you see. I was but a humble lad belonging to ordinary tradesmen.

By the way, I had forgotten to say that the two clergymen, during their after-dinner talk, had employed a part of it in examining me as to my little store of learning at school, and my future prospects. Of Latin I had a smattering; French, owing to my birth, and mainly to M. de la Motte's instruction and conversation, I could speak better than either of my two examiners, and with quite the good manner and conversation. I was well advanced, too, in arithmetic and geometry; and Dampier's Voyages were as much my delight as those of Sinbad or my friends Robinson Crusoe and Man Friday. I could pass a good examination in

navigation and seamanship, and could give an account of the different sailings, working-tides, double altitudes, and so forth.

"And you can manage a boat at sea, too?" says Dr. Barnard, dryly. I blushed, I suppose. I *could* do that, and could steer, reef, and pull an oar. At least I could do so two years ago.

"Denny, my boy," says my good doctor, "I think 'tis time for thee to leave this school at any rate, and that our friend Sir Peter must provide for thee."

However he may desire to improve in learning, no boy, I fancy, is very sorry when a proposal is made to him to leave school. I said that I should be too glad if Sir Peter, my patron, would provide for me. With the education I had, I ought to get on, the doctor said, and my grandfather he was sure would find the means for allowing me to appear like a gentleman.

To fit a boy for appearance on the quarter-deck, and to enable him to rank with others, I had heard would cost thirty or forty pounds a year at least. I asked, did Dr. Barnard think my grandfather could afford such a sum?

"I know not your grandfather's means," Dr. Barnard answered, smiling. "He keeps his own counsel. But I am very much mistaken, Denny, if he cannot afford to make you a better allowance than many a fine gentleman can give his son. I believe him to be rich. Mind, I have no precise reason for my belief; but I fancy, Master Denis, your good grandpapa's *fishing* has been very profitable to him."

How rich was he? I began to think of the treasures in my favourite *Arabian Nights*. Did Dr. Barnard think grandfather was *very* rich? Well—the doctor could not tell. The notion in Winchelsea was that old Mr. Denis was very well to do. At any rate I must go back to him. It was impossible that I should stay with the Rudge family after the insulting treatment I had had from them. The doctor said he would take me home with him in his chaise, if I would pack my little trunks; and with this talk we reached Rudge's shop, which I entered not without a beating heart. There was Rudge glaring at me from behind his desk, where he was posting his books. The apprentice looked daggers at me as he came up through a trap-door from the cellar with a string of dip-candles; and my charming Miss Susan was behind the counter tossing up her ugly head.

"Ho! he's come back, have he?" says Miss Rudge. "As all the cupboards is locked in the parlour, you can go in, and get your tea there, young man."

"I am going to take Denis home, Mr. Rudge," said my kind doctor. "He cannot remain with you, after the charge which you made against him this morning."

"Of having our marked money in his box? Do you go for to dare for to say we put it there?" cries miss, glaring now at me, now at Doctor Barnard. "Go to say that. Please to say that once, Dr. Barnard,

before Mrs. Barker and Mrs. Scales" (these were two women who happened to be in the shop purchasing goods). "Just be so good for to say before these ladies, that we have put the money in that boy's box, and we'll see whether there is not justice in Hengland for a poor girl whom you insult, because you are a doctor and a magistrate indeed! Eh, if I was a man, I wouldn't let some people's gowns, and cassocks, and bands, remain long on their backs—that I wouldn't. And some people wouldn't see a woman insulted if they wasn't cowards!"

As she said this, Miss Sukey looked at the cellar-trap, above which the apprentice's head had appeared, but the doctor turned also towards it with a glance so threatening, that Bevil let the trap fall suddenly down, not a little to my doctor's amusement.

"Go and pack thy trunk, Denny. I will come back for thee in half an hour. Mr. Rudge must see that after being so insulted as you have been, you never as a gentleman can stay in his house."

"A pretty gentleman, indeed!" ejaculates Miss Rudge. "Pray, how long since was barbers gentlemen, I should like to know? Mrs. Scales mum, Mrs. Barker mum,—did you ever have your hair dressed by a gentleman? If you want for to have it, you must go to Mounseer Duval, at Winchelsea, which one of the name was hung, Mrs. Barker mum, for a thief and a robber, and he won't be the last neither!"

There was no use in bandying abuse with this woman. "I will go and get my trunk, and be ready, sir," I said to the doctor; but his back was no sooner turned than the raging virago opposite me burst out with a fury of words that I certainly can't remember after five and forty years. I fancy I see now the little green eyes gleaming hatred at me, the lean arms a-kimbo, the feet stamping as she hisses out every imaginable imprecation at my poor head.

"Will no man help me, and stand by and see that barber's boy insult me?" she cried. "Bevil, I say—Bevil! 'Elp me!"

I ran upstairs to my little room, and was not twenty minutes in making up my packages. I had passed years in that little room, and somehow grieved to leave it. The odious people had injured me, and yet I would have liked to part friends with them. I had passed delightful nights there in the company of Robinson Crusoe, mariner, and Monsieur Galland and his Contes Arabes, and Hector of Troy, whose adventures and lamentable death (out of Mr. Pope) I could recite by heart; and I had had weary nights, too, with my school-books, cramming that crabbed Latin grammar into my puzzled brain. With arithmetic, logarithms, and mathematics I have said I was more familiar. I took a pretty good place in our school with them, and ranked before many boys of greater age.

And now my boxes being packed (my little library being stowed away in that which contained my famous pistol), I brought them downstairs, with nobody to help me, and had them in the passage ready against

Dr. Barnard's arrival. The passage is behind the back shop at Rudge's—(dear me ! how well I remember it !)—and a door thence leads into a side-street. On the other side of this passage is the kitchen, where had been the fight which has been described already, and where we commonly took our meals.

I declare I went into that kitchen disposed to part friends with all these people—to forgive Miss Sukey her lies, and Bevil his cuffs, and all the past quarrels between us. Old Rudge was by the fire, having his supper; Miss Sukey opposite to him. Poulson, as yet, was minding the shop.

"I have come to shake hands before going away," I said.

"You're a-going, are you? And pray, sir, whereever are you a-going of?" says Miss Sukey, over her tea.

"I am going home with Dr. Barnard. I can't stop in this house after you have accused me of stealing your money."

"Stealing? Wasn't the money in your box, you little beastly thief?"

"Oh, you young reprobate, I am surprised the bears don't come in and eat you," groans old Rudge. "You have shortened my life with your wickedness, that you have; and if you don't bring your good grandfather's grey hairs with sorrow to the grave, I shall be surprised, that I shall. You, who come of a pious family—I tremble when I think of you, Denis Duval!"

"Tremble! Faugh! the wicked little beast! he makes me sick, he do!" cries Miss Sukey, with looks of genuine loathing.

"Let him depart from among us!" cries Rudge.

"Never do I wish to see his ugly face again!" exclaims the gentle Susan.

"I am going as soon as Dr. Barnard's chaise comes," I said. "My boxes are in the passage now, ready packed."

"Ready packed, are they? Is there any more of our money in them, you little miscreant? Pa, is your silver tankard in the cupboard, and is the spoons safe?"

I think poor Sukey had been drinking to drive away the mortifications of the morning in the court-house. She became more excited and violent with every word she spoke, and shrieked and clenched her fists at me like a mad woman.

"Susanna, you have had false witness bore against you, my child; and you are not the first of your name. But be calm, be calm; it's our duty to be calm!"

"Eh!" (here she gives a grunt) "calm with that sneak—that pig—that liar—that beast. Where's Edward Bevil? Why don't he come forward like a man, and flog the young scoundrel's life out?" shrieks Susanna. "Oh, with this here horsewhip, how I would like to give it you!" (She clutched her father's whip from the dresser, where it commonly hung on two hooks.) "Oh, you—you villain! you have got your pistol,

have you? Shoot me, you little coward, I ain't afraid of you! You have your pistol in your box, have you?" (I uselessly said as much in reply to this taunt.) "Stop! I say, Pa!—that young thief isn't going away with them boxes, and robbing the whole house as he may. Open the boxes this instant! We'll see he's stole nothing! Open them, I say!"

I said I would do nothing of the kind. My blood was boiling up at this brutal behaviour; and as she dashed out of the room to seize one of my boxes, I put myself before her, and sat down on it.

This was assuredly a bad position to take, for the furious vixen began to strike me and lash at my face with the riding-whip, and it was more than I could do to wrench it from her.

Of course, at this act of defence on my part, Miss Sukey yelled for help, and called out, "Edward! Ned Bevil! The coward is a striking me! Help, Ned!" At this, the shop door flies open, and Sukey's champion is about to rush on me, but he breaks down over my other box with a crash of his shins, and frightful execrations. His nose is prone on the pavement; Miss Sukey is wildly laying about her with her horsewhip (and I think Bevil's jacket came in for most of the blows); we are all *higgledy-piggledy*, plunging and scuffling in the dark—when a carriage drives up, which I had not heard in the noise of action, and, as the hall door opened, I was pleased to think that Dr. Barnard had arrived, according to his promise.

It was not the doctor. The new comer wore a gown, but not a cassock. Soon after my trial before the magistrates was over, our neighbour, John Jephson, of Winchelsea, mounted his cart and rode home from Rye market. He straightway went to our house, and told my mother of the strange scene which had just occurred, and of my accusation before the magistrates and acquittal. She begged, she ordered Jephson to lend her his cart. She seized whip and reins; she drove over to Rye; and I don't envy Jephson's old grey mare that journey with such a charioteer behind her. The door, opening from the street, flung light into the passage; and behold, we three warriors were sprawling on the floor in the *higgledy-piggledy* stage of the battle as my mother entered!

What a scene for a mother with a strong arm, a warm heart, and a high temper! Madame Duval rushed instantly at Miss Susan, and tore her shrieking from my body, which fair Susan was pummelling with the whip. A part of Susan's cap and tufts of her red hair were torn off by this maternal Amazon, and Susan was hurled through the open door into the kitchen, where she fell before her frightened father. I don't know how many blows my parent inflicted upon this creature. Mother might have slain her, but that the chaste Susanna, screaming shrilly, rolled under the deal kitchen table.

Madame Duval had wrenched away from this young person the horsewhip with which Susan had been operating upon the shoulders of her

only son, and snatched the weapon as her fallen foe dropped. And now my mamma, seeing old Mr. Rudge sitting in a ghastly state of terror in the corner, rushed at the grocer, and in one minute, with butt and thong, inflicted a score of lashes over his face, nose, and eyes, for which anybody who chooses may pity him. "Ah, you will call my boy a thief, will you? Ah, you will take my Denny before the justices, will you? Prends moi ça, gredin! Attrape, lâche! Nimmst noch ein paar Schläge, Spitzbube!" cries out mother, in that polyglot language of English, French, High-Dutch, which she always used when excited. My good mother could shave and dress gentlemen's heads as well as any man; and faith I am certain that no man in all Europe got a better dressing than Mr. Rudge on that evening.

Bless me! I have written near a page to describe a battle which could not have lasted five minutes. Mother's cart was drawn up at the side-street whilst she was victoriously engaged within. Meanwhile, Dr. Barnard's chaise had come to the front door of the shop, and he strode through it, and found us conquerors in possession of both fields. Since my last battle with Bevil, we both knew that I was more than a match for him. "In the king's name, I charge you drop your daggers," as the man says in the play. Our wars were over on the appearance of the man of peace. Mother left off plying the horsewhip over Rudge; Miss Sukey came out from under the table; Mr. Bevil rose, and slunk off to wash his bleeding face; and when the wretched Rudge whimpered out that he would have the law for this assault, the doctor sternly said, "You were three to one during part of the battle, three to two afterwards, and after your testimony to-day, you perjured old miscreant, do you suppose any magistrate will believe you?"

No. Nobody did believe them. A punishment fell on these bad people. I don't know who gave the name, but Rudge and his daughter were called Ananias and Sapphira in Rye; and from that day the old man's affairs seemed to turn to the bad. When our boys of Pocock's met the grocer, his daughter, or his apprentice, the little miscreants would cry out, "Who put the money in Denny's box?" "Who bore false witness against his neighbour?" "Kiss the book, Sukey my dear, and tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, do you hear?" They had a dreadful life, that poor grocer's family. As for that rogue Tom Parrot, he comes into the shop one market-day when the place was full, and asks for a penn'orth of sugar-candy, in payment for which he offers a penny to old Rudge sitting at his books behind his high desk. "It's a good bit of money," says Tom (as bold as the brass which he was tendering). "It ain't marked, Mr. Rudge, like Denny Duval's money!" And, no doubt, at a signal from the young reprobate, a chorus of boys posted outside began to sing, "Ananias, Ananias! He pretends to be so pious! Ananias and Saphia——" Well, well, the Saphia of these young wags was made to rhyme incorrectly with a word beginning with L. Nor was this the only punishment which befell the unhappy Rudge:

Mrs. Wing and several of his chief patrons took away their custom from him and dealt henceforth with the opposition grocer. Not long after my affair, Miss Sukey married the toothless apprentice, who got a bad bargain with her, sweetheart or wife. I shall have to tell presently what a penalty they (and some others) had to pay for their wickedness; and of an act of contrition on poor Miss Sukey's part, whom, I am sure, I heartily forgive. Then was cleared up that mystery (which I could not understand, and Dr. Barnard could not, or would not) of the persecutions directed against a humble lad, who never, except in self-defence, did harm to any mortal.

I shouldered the trunks, causes of the late lamentable war, and put them into mother's cart, into which I was about to mount, but the shrewd old lady would not let me take a place beside her. "I can drive well enough. Go thou in the chaise with the doctor. He can talk to thee better, my son, than an ignorant woman like me. Neighbour Jephson told me how the good gentleman stood by thee in the justice-court. If ever I or mine can do anything to repay him, he may command me. Houp, Schimmel! Fort! Shalt soon be to house!" And with this she was off with my bag and baggage, as the night was beginning to fall.

I went out of the Ridges' house, into which I have never since set foot. I took my place in the chaise by my kind Dr. Barnard. We passed through Winchelsea gate, and dipped down into the marshy plain beyond with bright glimpses of the Channel shining beside us, and the stars glittering overhead. We talked of the affair of the day, of course—the affair most interesting, that is, to me, who could think of nothing but magistrates, and committals, and acquittals. The doctor repeated his firm conviction that there was a great smuggling conspiracy all along the coast and neighbourhood. Master Rudge was a member of the fraternity (which, indeed, I knew, having been out with his people once or twice, as I have told, to my shame). "Perhaps there were other people of my acquaintance who belonged to the same society?" the doctor said, dryly. "Gee up, Daisy! There were other people of my acquaintance, who were to be found at Winchelsea as well as at Rye. Your precious one-eyed enemy is in it; so, I have no doubt, is Monsieur le Chevalier de la Motte; so is—can you guess the name of any one besides, Denny?"

"Yes, sir," I said, sadly; I knew my own grandfather was engaged in that traffic. "But if—if others are, I promise you, on my honour, I never will embark in it," I added.

"'Twill be more dangerous now than it has been. There will be obstacles to crossing the Channel which the contraband gentlemen have not known for some time past. Have you not heard the news?"

"What news?" Indeed I had thought of none but my own affairs. A post had come in that very evening from London, bringing intelligence of no little importance even to poor me, as it turned out. And the news was that his Majesty the King, having been informed that a treaty of

amity and commerce had been signed between the Court of France and certain persons employed by his Majesty's revolted subjects in North America, has judged it necessary to send orders to his ambassador to withdraw from the French Court, . . . and relying with the firmest confidence upon the zealous and affectionate support of his faithful people, he is determined to prepare to exert, if it should be necessary, all the forces and resources of his kingdoms, which he trusts will be adequate to repel every insult and attack, and to maintain and uphold the power and reputation of this country."

So as I was coming out of Rye court-house, thinking of nothing but my enemies, and my trials, and my triumphs, post-boys were galloping all over the land to announce that we were at war with France. One of them, as we made our way home, clattered past us with his twanging horn, crying his news of war with France. As we wound along the plain, we could see the French lights across the Channel. My life has lasted for fifty years since then, and scarcely ever since, but for very, very brief intervals has that baleful war-light ceased to burn.

The messenger who bore this important news arrived after we left Rye, but, riding at a much quicker pace than that which our doctor's nag practised, overtook us ere we had reached our own town of Winchelsea. All our town was alive with the news in half an hour; and in the marketplace, the public-houses, and from house to house, people assembled and talked. So we were at war again with our neighbours across the Channel, as well as with our rebellious children in America; and the rebellious children were having the better of the parent at this time. We boys at Pocock's had fought the war stoutly and with great elation at first. Over our maps we had pursued the rebels, and beaten them in repeated encounters. We routed them on Long Island. We conquered them at Brandywine. We vanquished them gloriously at Bunker's Hill. We marched triumphantly into Philadelphia with Howe. We were quite bewildered when we had to surrender with General Burgoyne at Saratoga; being, somehow, not accustomed to hear of British armies surrendering, and British valour being beat. "We had a half-holiday for Long Island," says Tom Parrot, sitting next to me in school. "I suppose we shall be flegged all round for Saratoga." As for those Frenchmen, we knew of their treason for a long time past, and were gathering up wrath against them. *Protestant* Frenchmen, it was agreed, were of a different sort; and I think the banished Huguenots of France have not been unworthy subjects of our new sovereign.

There was one dear little Frenchwoman in Winchelsea who I own was a sad rebel. When Mrs. Barnard, talking about the war, turned round to Agnes, and said, "Agnes, my child, on what side are you?" Mademoiselle de Barr blushed very red, and said, "I am a French girl, and I am of the side of my country. *Vive la France ! vive le Roi !*"

"Oh, Agnes ! oh, you perverted, ungrateful little, little monster !" cries Mrs. Barnard, beginning to weep.

But the doctor, far from being angry, smiled and looked pleased; and making Agnes a mock reverence, he said, "Mademoiselle de Saverne, I think a little Frenchwoman should be for France; and here is the tray, and we won't fight until after supper." And as he spoke that night the prayer appointed by his Church for the time of war—prayed that we might be armed with His defence who is the only giver of all victory—I thought I never heard the good man's voice more touching and solemn.

When this daily and nightly ceremony was performed at the Rectory, a certain little person who belonged to the Roman Catholic faith used to sit aloof, her spiritual instructors forbidding her to take part in our English worship. When it was over, and the doctor's household had withdrawn, Miss Agnes had a flushed, almost angry face.

"But what am I to do, aunt Barnard?" said the little rebel. "If I pray for you, I pray that my country may be conquered, and that you may be saved and delivered out of our hands."

"No, faith, my child, I think we will not call upon thee for Amen," says the doctor, patting her cheek.

"I don't know why you should wish to prevail over my country," whimpers the little maid. "I am sure I won't pray that any harm may happen to you, and aunt Barnard, and Denny—never, never!" And in a passion of tears she buried her head against the breast of the good man, and we were all not a little moved.

Hand in hand we two young ones walked from the Rectory to the Priory House, which was only too near. I paused ere I rang at the bell, still holding her wistful little hand in mine.

"You will never be my enemy, Denny, will you?" she said, looking up.

"My dear," I faltered out, "I will love you for ever and ever!" I thought of the infant whom I brought home in my arms from the seashore, and once more my dearest maiden was held in them, and my heart throbbed with an exquisite bliss.

Garibaldi's Invisible Bridge.

AMONG the pleasant memories of personal contact with Garibaldi the Liberator of the Two Sicilies, none rise so vividly before my mind as the early morning rides about Palermo and its neighbourhood during the month that elapsed between the taking of that city and the battle of Milazzo. The organization of the "army of the south," state affairs, adjusting municipal quarrels, calming the *trop de zèle* of political friends, disarming the malice of political foes—such were the occupations of the day, and they left the Dictator weary enough at night: for to his simple solitude-loving nature the constant din of eager voices was in itself a severe trial of patience. But the dawn ever found him fresh and radiant after a cup of coffee.

One morning we visited the Castello sul Mare, which the people of Palermo, in accordance with a dictatorial decree, were demolishing with hearty good-will. Encouraged by the priests, who did not hesitate to denounce the Pope as "antichrist," the Bourbons as "assassins," while Garibaldi was the "messenger of God," that gigantic fabric, with its ample barracks and magazines, its hideous prisons where political offenders, including the seven hostages of the 6th of April, had been confined; that fortress, the terror of the Palermitans, as St. Elmo of the Neapolitans, was melting like a snow-giant in the sun at the bidding of the Liberator. Hundreds of eager hands were demolishing the ramparts, hurling down the ruins into the deep wide ditch.

"And they say that these southern people are indolent," exclaimed the general, as we reined up our horses on the town-side of the castle to watch their proceedings.

Frequent were the morning visits paid to the convents, in which the city and its environs abound. The nuns had been severe sufferers by the bombardment; the convents of St. Catherine and of Martorana were one mass of ruins, and several others were partially damaged. Nevertheless the romantic figure of Garibaldi had turned the heads of the saintly sisterhood, who were one and all piously enamoured of him. Not a day passed but offerings of candied fruits, preserves, syrups, sweetmeats, *cotognate bocche di dama*, arrived at the Dictator's residence, arranged in curiously-wrought baskets, interspersed with artificial flowers, filigree work, embroidered handkerchiefs and banners, accompanied by an inscription in gold letters on white satin, of which the following is a specimen:—

"To thee, Giuseppe! Saint and hero! Mighty as St. George!
Beautiful as the seraphim! Forget not the nuns of —, who love thee

tenderly ; who pray hourly to Santa Rosalia that she may watch over thee in thy sleeping and thy waking hours !”

One morning, in accordance with a previous invitation, we visited the famous convent of — outside the Porta —. The lady abbess met us at the vestibule, and taking the general by the hand, led the way to the refectory, where the tables spread for breakfast resembled a fancy fair—sugar castles, cupolas, temples, palaces and domes ; and in the centre a statue of Garibaldi, in sugar. The patient ingenuity of the nuns must have exhausted itself in the ornamental department of that sumptuous repast. With the exception of one or two venerables and a few middle-aged, all the nuns were young, most of them of noble birth. As the general entered, the tress-shorn maidens clustered round him with timorous and agitated mien, but the benign and smiling countenance of the far-famed captain, the manners of the perfect gentleman, which are so essentially his, reassured them at once.

“How beautiful,” exclaimed one. “He is the image of *Nostro Signore*,” whispered another ; while a third, in the heat of her enthusiasm seized his hand and kissed it ; he withdrew it, and she, springing on his neck, impressed a fervent kiss upon his lips. Her audacity proved contagious ; it spread first to her young companions, then to the middle-aged, to the venerables, and finally to the abbess, who at first seemed scandalized. We stood by, spectators !

In the course of a month the general had visited nearly all the convents and charitable establishments. But it was not always an affair of kisses and sugar-plums. His aim was to penetrate the hitherto inviolable mysteries of those anti-social institutions ; to discover and punish peculation, redress hidden wrongs, soothe misery, and by a stroke of the dictatorial pen put an end to abuses which long years of oppression had sanctioned. Many a victim of parental avarice or ambition found in him an instrument of providential justice.

I think I have never seen him more deeply moved than during a visit to a female Foundling Hospital, where several hundred children were immured. From their own lips he heard the piteous story of their daily sufferings, tasted the mouldy bread, the yet more loathsome soup, while the foul odour that pervaded the rooms, the filthy rags that hung on the emaciated frames of the helpless creatures whose misfortune was visited on them as a crime, their haggard faces, the dilated pupils of their eyes, set the seal of truth on their harrowing stories. I saw the general's eye fill with tears as he stood in the midst of that group of misery, clinging to his knees, to his sword, to his hands ; and when the brutal guardians attempted to explain or excuse their conduct, one glance of terrible scorn flashed upon the speaker silenced him more effectually than any spoken words.

Leaving two of his aides to purchase food for the day, then to investigate and report, Garibaldi mounted his horse in silence, and we in silence followed. As we neared the Porta Nuova, he turned to the left, and keeping on the outside of the city wall we crossed the spacious Piazza d'Arme, which

extends from the eastern side of the city up to the foot of Mount San Pellegrino, and entered the shady avenue of the royal gardens—*della Favorita*. The roll of drums, and a cry of Galibardo! Galibardo! echoed from the underwood, whence issued helter-skelter a swarm of boys in red cotton shirts, out at elbow, barefoot, and for the most part bareheaded. It should be said that as soon as he entered Palermo, the general ordered one of his old comrades of Montevideo to collect as many boys as he could and drill them. The piazza was the theatre of their daily manœuvres, the ex-royal gardens serving as a cool retreat for their hours of repose.

Major Rodi, whose left hand lost in the Montevidean campaign was replaced by a wooden one, now came galloping along the front of his impish legion, shouting, Eyes right! dress! then reining up his horse he said,—“General! at dawn a hundred barbers, got together with no small difficulty, came down to the sea-shore and shaved the boys’ heads; then I had them well soaped and dipped—they swim like fishes. Now, one can approach them without danger.”

At this piece of information Garibaldi burst out laughing,—“How many boys have you collected?” he asked.

“Nearly two thousand. With the help of the three taris (about one shilling,) we shall have all the progeny of Palermo.”

“My commissary-general grumbles sadly at the three taris, but I tell him that no benefit we can confer on these brave islanders can equal that of making soldiers of their sons.”

“And soldiers they will make, general! and we shall have a regiment fit for fighting in a trice.” So saying, the major galloped off to incite his boys to a further exhibition of their attainments, while the general, turning to me, said,—

“None of these poor children can either read or write; I wish you would set on foot a school for them.”

“With all my heart, general!”

“Think over it, and come up to the Pavilion with the plan.”

On the morrow, having completed a rough plan for a military college, I went to the Pavilion, to submit it to the general. No one who has visited Palermo since 1860 but will have been conducted by the com-plaisant cicerone to the elegant cupola-crowned edifice, built over the Porta Nuova, at the end of the ample terrace which forms the left wing of that multiform mass of buildings styled the “Royal Palace of the Normans.” That lofty isolated Pavilion, whose western gallery sustained by marble columns overlooks Via Toledo, while the eastern gallery commands a view of the grand semicircle of Monreale, the poet’s *Conca d’Oro*, was the Dictator’s residence in Palermo. The interior is composed of a large hall and two small oblong rooms. In the one overlooking Monreale slept the general, in the other his secretary; four beds, hidden by four screens in the four corners of the hall, were occupied by the four officers on duty; the remainder of the staff occupied the palace proper. I could see the Dictator pacing up and down the front gallery talking to an officer

of the American navy, and nothing loth I joined the merry crowds of Garibaldians, officers of the Sardinian, English, and American navies, and Palermitan ladies, who, as usual at the sunset hour, thronged the terrace and eastern gallery. Throughout the months of June and of July the smile of victory, the miraculous stories of the recent battles fought and won, the unrivalled beauty of the scene, the intoxicating perfumes wafted from the surrounding gardens, the radiant countenance of the victor, enthralled us. Garibaldi, in his pavilion, was a magician. Faith in the future was boundless; the passage to Naples, the entry into Rome, the storming of Verona, were spoken of as certainties ere the winter should set in. The place, the time, the events, produced a sort of delicious ecstasy which annihilated distances and transfigured facts. Nor was this a mere effect of the southern temperament, for English officers shared those emotions, those illusions, those errors of enthusiasm with the most romantic maidens of Palermo. And even now, when four disenchanting years have swept away belief and hope, there are times when I seem to stand upon that terrace, spellbound still, believing in the reality of the future which thence arose to view.

On the day of which I speak I found Major M——, the commander of the Genoese Carabineers, among the throng, and was pacing up and down with him, urging him to accept in his ranks Captain Migarelli, who to his command in the regular army preferred serving as a private in that chosen corps, when one of the aides on guard told me that eight young men were below demanding urgently to see me. "Let them pass," I answered, and the major added, laughingly, "One would think that, 'The staff holds its levées on the terrace,' was posted on the walls, everybody comes here to find anybody."

As he spoke eight men, varying apparently from twenty to thirty years of age, advanced with vacillating steps. Hollow-eyed and haggard, their beards of a week's growth enhanced the sickly wanness of their faces, where deep lines were ploughed so prematurely that it was evident they had undergone great mental or physical sufferings. Their eyes wandered vaguely from group to group, they seemed to gaze without seeing.

"Who can they be? I don't know any of them," I whispered to the major; but they evidently knew me, for they hastened forward with a smile of recognition.

"Don't you know us? are we then so changed?" they exclaimed in a breath, evidently hurt at my hesitation and apparent coldness. "Your signora knew us at once: we found her at the hospital; she sent us here to you."

"And *voo scia*," said one, addressing the major in Genoese, "have you forgotten Rizzo, or Sant-Andrea, as Scia Carlo used to call him?"

The major flushed over with visible emotion, not at the name of Sant-Andrea, but at the vision of his own young brother Carlo lying dead at Calatafimi.

"We come from the galleys of Favignano," said the first speaker,

reluctantly abandoning the hope of recognition. "On the 22nd June, 1857, you accompanied Pisacane on board the *Cagliari*, and in the harbour of Genoa shook hands with us, saying 'to meet again soon.' " It was but three years ago!

We started. Could this, then, be the remnant of that band of heroes who abandoned home and friends and liberty in the hope of freeing Naples from the Bourbon yoke? One by one we embraced them with mingled sensations of sorrow, joy, and shame. I knew them now.

Many questions were asked and answered; and for the first time we gathered the true history of the fated expedition. At length I summoned courage to ask if any of them had seen Colonel Pisacane fall.

No one! Each gave a different version. One affirmed that after the last deadly struggle, when the inhabitants aided the Urban Guards to massacre the men who came to free them, for the sake of the gold with which they paid their way, two bodies were discovered which were supposed to be those of the two leaders, but they were so mutilated that it was impossible to distinguish one from the other. When I recalled the fair hair and blue dancing eyes of Carlo Pisacane, the olive complexion, black eyes and hair and beard of Giovanni Falcone, I shuddered at the idea of what that mutilation must have been. Then, too, the sad certainty that both were lost to us for ever was brought home to our hearts, and we felt that we had been hoping against hope.

"What can I do for you?" I asked, anxious to dispel the gloom that was gathering over us all.

"Procure an entry for us into the corps of the Genoese Carabineers and present us to Garibaldi."

"Scia Antonio is the commander of the corps," I said, turning to my companion.

A look of glad surprise came over them as they gave the military salute, and fell into the position of "attention."

The major could not resist their eagerness, and then and there enrolled them in the most famous corps of the thousand of Marsala. As I saw Garibaldi taking leave of the American officer, I hastened to tell him that the surviving companions of Pisacane wished to be presented to him.

"Bring them in. How many are they?" he asked. They entered; he pressed their hands one after the other: their lips trembled; they could not speak.

"This," he said, turning to me, "is a type of human life. We, whom fortune favoured with victory, lodge in royal palaces; these brave fellows, because conquered, are buried in the vaults of Favignano; yet the cause, the undertaking, the audacity, was identical."

"But the time was not so well chosen nor the popularity of the leader so great," I replied.

"The first honours are due to Pisacane; he led the way, and these brave fellows were our pioneers," said the general, as he laid his arm caressingly on the shoulder of the nearest

His look, his tone, his ungrudging admiration of their beloved chief, seemed to electrify the men. All traces of the prison atmosphere disappeared; they felt themselves patriots and soldiers once more. Ordering food to be spread for them in the dining hall, the general gave each of them a few scudi, and dismissed them, bidding me come to his bedroom as soon as I had seen his order executed.

I found him on my return stretched on his little iron bed, his elbow on the pillow, his head upon his hand, evidently lost in thought. At the foot of the bed stood a small table, covered with papers, which served as his desk; in the opposite corner a basin and ewer; on the drawers a whip, or rather a slip of black leather, rolled up at one end to form a handle; a wide-awake, a bandanna, a sword, and a box of cigars. A Mexican saddle, which served for a bed in the camp, hung over the back of a chair; a second chair completed the furniture of the carpetless room.

"Sit down and smoke," said the general; "that box contains cigars from Nice; they are all that remain to me of my poor country." Then with true Ligurian economy, he broke one in halves and began to whiff in silence.

"We must provide for those brave fellows," he said at length.

"General! they have asked for admission into the Genoese Carabineers, and M—— has accepted them."

"*Davvero! Sempre i soliti straccioni.* Indeed! Nothing but tattered-demonials!" Then after a pause,— "Have you drawn up the plan for our school?"

I handed him my rough plan for a military college for the whole of Sicily, capable of receiving 3,000 pupils, to be boarded, lodged, and educated gratuitously. He approved the project, but wished that the college should be adapted to 6,000 pupils.

"Organize it immediately—don't lose a moment," he said, with animation.

"Very good, general; but remember that I came to fight. Will you allow me to do this work gratuitously, and to follow you when you march?"

"Yes; but you must work vigorously."

"In order to do that, I must depend on you alone; if each step must await ministerial approbation, work that could be done in days will take as many months."

Without replying, he took up a sheet of paper and wrote as follows:—

"COMMAND-IN-CHIEF OF THE NATIONAL ARMY.

"Palermo, June 24, 1860.

"SIGNOR — is by me authorized and ordered to organize the military college. For said organization he is to be supplied with all necessary means.

"G. GARIBALDI."

Furnished with this mandate I took my leave.

On the morrow the Foundling Hospital for male children outside the Porta Maqueda, endowed with an annual income of seventeen thousand ducats, was, by a dictatorial decree, turned into a military college, to the delight of the sixty boys, who found themselves transformed into little soldiers.

From the raw material collected by Major Rodi, I chose my first battalion of boys, varying from fourteen to seventeen years of age; these I clothed, fed, and lodged in the ex-hospital. So enthusiastic was the general about the boy-college, that assistance poured in on every side. Officers from the famous thousand of Marsala; doctors, lawyers, judges, and students who had enlisted as volunteers in the bands that now swarmed down on Sicily from Upper Italy, proffered their services as teachers, or as non-commissioned officers. This educated intelligence, combined with energy, was precisely adapted to tame the vivacious, impetuous, semi-barbarous elements with which we had to deal.

I contented myself with a complete course of elementary military education, reserving the superior branches for a later period. The course concluded, it would depend on the way in which the pupils passed their examinations whether they left the college with commissions. The only terms of entrance were the birth registers and medical certificate. The schools were soon opened by competent masters, and in less than a month proceeded with all the regularity of old establishments. Drill, gymnastics, fencing, and target-shooting, kept the boys employed from dawn to sunset, and it was wonderful how soon the *gamins* of Palermo, many of them corrupt, all impatient of rule, were transformed into orderly and intelligent scholars.

I appointed Major Rodi commander of the first battalion. During his long residence in the backwoods of America, ever at war with nature or the soldiers of Rosas, he had acquired certain looks, gestures, and movements suggestive of wild Indians. Some of his cries during drill, resembling the cries of certain animals, used to set my teeth on edge. His paternal tenderness for his *piccoli diavoli*, as he called the boys, was exceedingly touching, though once off parade, by no means conducive to discipline. Often after the reports made every evening by the captains of each company, I was compelled to condemn one or two of the boys to one, two, even five days of imprisonment. He would fidget, cough, rattle his wooden hand against his sword, in order to attract the attention of the informers.

"Signor Maggiore, I beg of you to let the officers do their duty."

"Signor Comandante, you cannot suppose that I would hinder them? I only meant— Poor little wretches! five days' imprisonment during this heat. But I ask pardon."

One day on visiting the prison, I surprised him in the act of handing up cakes to the prisoners on the point of his sword.

"Signor Comandante," he said, looking much embarrassed, "I am bringing the delinquents to reason."

"At the sword's point, major?"

"Che vuole! I found a cake in my pocket: they are such little gourmands!"

My visit was most opportune, as I found that the *piccoli diavoli* had broken the door, and were preparing for flight.

"What muscles! what sinews!" exclaimed the major, calling my attention to the æsthetic side of the misdemeanor. "They are as strong as Bedouins," and he bestowed an affectionate thump on the nearest.

I ordered them all to be handcuffed; in vain the major looked appealingly into my face. I ordered the guard to be redoubled, and turned on my heel. He followed, shaking his fist at the delinquents, as much as to say, How could you get into a scrape out of which I can't extricate you. Then, in a stentorian voice, he ordered the sentinel to keep them in sight, and winking at the corporal, emptied his pockets of the remaining cakes, and made a sign to him to distribute them among the prisoners. The corporal, doubtless in the interests of law and order, ate the cakes himself. I saw all this unseen, so took no notice. On parade, however, the major was inexorable; in a month his battalion manœuvred like a corps of veterans. The winning goodness which sparkled on his bronzed and rugged face like a vein of gold in a block of quartz, tamed those volcanic natures as no mere disciplinarian could have done.

But despite all our pains, three or four boys were missing every morning at the muster. The vagabond liberty to which they had been accustomed all their lives, rendered the restrictions of the college irksome to many, and the remembrance of the *tre tari*, which of late they had been accustomed to receive, and for which their needy parents prudently hovered near at pay-time, sharpened the pangs of captivity, while the thought of the companions who still received that sum filled them with a sense of injustice. The college is a vast quadrilateral, built round a stone-paved court. The kitchen, refectory, magazines, schools, and offices are on the ground-floor, the upper story being divided into dormitories. At night, scrambling up on each other's shoulders, they managed to reach the lofty windows, where, using their sheets for ropes, they dropped into the street, ran home to change their Garibaldi uniform for their native rags, and presented themselves on the morrow to the recruiting officer to receive the *tre tari*.

In order to deliver them from temptation, I gathered the remaining thousand into the convent of S. Pol, which by another dictatorial decree had been annexed to the college, and hurried on the organization of the second battalion. With the aid of a corporal's guard, kindly furnished by Colonel D——, placed at the gate and at the four angles of the college, I hoped to have put a stop to further desertions. Colonel D—— was an Englishman empowered by the general to form a brigade of Sicilians, and anticipating a speedy renewal of hostilities, he was straining every nerve to fill up the vacancies. Seated in a chair in the middle of the

esplanade adjoining the college, dressed in a suite of Indian silk, he drilled his troops with admirable patience and energy. They were all dressed in white, he having persuaded the head of the commissariat to purchase a magazine full of ex-Bourbon uniforms at the modest price of eight piastres per soldier. His admiration for my first battalion was unbounded; "the martial aspect, the precise movements, the precocious physical development of those 'dear boys' was wonderful;" he was delighted that his men should assist in guarding that "gem of a college."

One morning, as we returned from the manœuvring ground, and crossed the esplanade, our band struck up, God save the Queen, which they had just learned. At midday the colonel redoubled the guard. We outvied each other in courtesy. Still the desertions continued.

A few days later I recognized in the white uniformed sentry one of the deserters.

"How came you here?" I asked.

He blushed, and hesitated.

"Speak out!" I said, seizing him by the collar.

"Signor Comandante! the sentinel sent here by *Milordo* told me that under *Milordo* I should go sooner to the wars with Galibardo, and he took me to the barracks."

"How many of your companions have followed your example?"

"Ever so many, Signor Comandante, but I don't know their names."

I had been guarding the windows, and my "dear boys" went out under my nose at the doors.

I dismissed the guard, and the desertions ceased, especially as the boys began to see an honourable and lucrative career opening out before them. Doubtless, *Milordo* the colonel thought that the "dear boys" came to him legitimately; he restored one or two, the rest had changed their names.

Pressed for time, anxious to set the college fairly going, and resolved to march with the general, I spared neither pains nor labour. I was on parade, present at the rehearsals of the band, at the lessons of the professors. I inspected the provisions, the distribution of the rations, the rooms, and despite the impoverished finances, succeeded in procuring the necessary accoutrements, uniforms, and equipments. I visited convents and public buildings that might be annexed to the college, and render it capable of housing the 6,000 pupils. I organized the administration in such a way that reciprocal scrutiny might offer the strongest possible guarantees against peculation. With the exception of one paymaster, whom I caused to be arrested and tried by court-martial, by which he was condemned to ten years of the galleys, I do not remember a single instance of dishonesty. All the officers, civil as well as military, vied with each other in integrity, abnegation, and hard work.

In order to protect the institution from the possible hostilities of the Government that would succeed to the dictator's, I christened it the "Garibaldi Military Institute," and to this hour the inscription is visible on the front of the establishment. It was protected, not only by the name,

but by public opinion, by the affection of the people, who gloried in their little *galantuomini*, as the respectable portion of society is called in the Two Sicilies.

To Garibaldi, who was the true founder, it was as the apple of his eye. Accompanied by his staff, he visited the institute frequently, and was present every morning on parade. Dismounting, he would review each company separately, give invaluable advice to the officials, and animate the little soldiers by his presence.

The fame of the college, the enthusiasm of the time, the increasing tendency towards equality which invariably follows on a revolution, the seductions of a military career during a time of war, and last, not least, the item *gratis*, caused application for admittance to pour in from all classes of Sicilians, and many were the demands from Upper Italy.

A few days after I received a summons to the Pavilion. "I shall not be present on parade to-morrow," said the general, as I joined him in the front gallery. "I am going to breakfast on board the English flag-ship; will you come?"

"Thanks, general! but to-morrow both battalions are to be reviewed. I am sorry that you cannot be present."

That morrow was the 18th of July, and when it dawned there seemed no reason why Palermitans should especially remember that date with sorrowful affection. Headed by the band, now composed of thirty-six young musicians, the two battalions marched in perfect order towards San Pellegrino, the last ranks composed of children of seven or eight years old; little muskets on shoulder, caps on one side, heads up; they marched in lines of half a company, kept their distances, kept step, broke up into columns when necessary, like old soldiers. Crowds of people lined the road, while numbers of women of the people followed weeping for very joy to see their children thus metamorphosed. I felt quite proud of my little army.

On our return one of the nurses from the hospital gave me a note from my wife, it ran as follows:—

"The general has left Palermo. The ambulance has orders to follow."

I thought that there must be some mistake, so I returned with the messenger, and found Dr. R—— half frantic, half bewildered; giving orders and counter-orders, and using his riding-whip pretty freely to enforce obedience. Doctors, surgeons, chemists, nurses hurrying to and fro, preparing the ambulance; patients with wounds but half healed, entreating to be allowed to join their respective companies lest they should be "left behind." My wife, who was filling bed-ticks with lint, bandages, and lemons, merely said, "Shall you be ready to come? We start to-morrow?"

"Take your time," I said, smiling in calm superiority; "the general has only gone to breakfast on board the English flag-ship."

"That's very likely!—when they are fighting at Meri!"

"How do you know?"

"F—— has been here with orders. The general started with the aides and guides who were with him and with the Cati brigade just arrived from Gaeta."

"Then he deceived me yesterday. I can't believe it!"

"Can't you, my young cock-sparrow," said a gruff voice behind me. "I, who was with him in Rome, in Lombardy, on board the *Piemonte*, by his side every step of the march from Marsala to Palermo—I have just received orders to *follow* with the ambulance."

I had heard enough. I flew to the palace. The Pavilion was indeed deserted, the bewildered Palermitans were clamouring to know whether Garibaldi had really abandoned them; aides and officers grumbling at being left behind. Finding that General S—— was invested with dictatorial powers during Garibaldi's absence, I presented myself with my resignation as comandante.

"Remain at your post," he answered, coolly; "you are not a boy, you have gained your spurs."

"General, I undertook the task conditionally; the dictator gave me his word that I should be free to march with him."

"Nevertheless you must remain at your post till your task is accomplished; a soldier more or less makes no difference. It would be a crime to allow that college to go to ruin."

"It will not suffer in the least by my absence. It runs on its own wheels. You have but to name my successor."

"I shall do no such thing. You are inscribed on the rolls as commander of a corps, with the grade of colonel."

"Surely, general, you can't think that I should seriously accept that grade. See, I am still in plain clothes. I have worked gratuitously. When I put on the red shirt it will be as a private."

"God grant me patience!" exclaimed the old soldier, who was himself inwardly chafing at the irksome duties which kept him from the camp, and which he abandoned at the first opportunity. "It seems to me that you are all gone mad. This is about the hundredth resignation which has been tendered during the last six hours. Remain—at—your post! Do you understand plain Italian?"

"Well, general," I persisted, "give me leave of absence. If the dictator refuses to grant my prayer, I pledge my word to return."

"Go to the dictator, or to——"

"Thanks, general!"

I sped off to the college, fully intending to start that night, if possible, nor was my eagerness diminished by meeting Colonel D—— marching his brigade down to the port, where, he told me, a steamer awaited them.

But when I reached the college, where the news had preceded me, I found cause to sympathize with General S——. Every volunteer from Upper Italy, whether commissioned or non-commissioned, officer or teacher, tendered his resignation. I stood aghast! How could I induce

them to remain at their posts when I abandoned mine? Yet how could I leave the college in that disorganized state?

"The vice-dictator has refused my resignation," I answered. "I cannot accept yours. Let us all put our shoulders to the wheel; then, when I can honestly say to Garibaldi, The college will go on as well without us, I know that he will not refuse us."

It cost each of these brave youths a struggle to postpone, even for an hour, the long-desired march; still they consented to remain as long as I remained, and one suggested that each candidate for resignation should seek a fitting substitute. This proposition I gladly accepted, and before night fell a considerable number were found. Many of the wounded Garibaldians who were too weak to march, but who refused point-blank to remain at the hospital after their own doctors and nurses had departed, cheerfully consented to fill the vacancies of their more fortunate friends. The conflict that went on in poor Rodi's mind was painful to behold. Divided between his desire to join the general, "who had never been through a campaign without him since 1834," and his affection for his *piccoli diavoli*, who besought him with tears and sobs either to remain with them, or "take them to the wars," I only succeeded in inducing him to remain by reminding him how soon the first battalion would be ready to march.

"Signor comandante, they are ready now!" "But we have no orders." "Will you try and obtain them?" "I will." "Then I'll remain at my post."

This resolution lessened my difficulties considerably, still I could not depart with the certainty of never returning, until I had prepared a formal account of my stewardship, and put the various departments of the college into such a condition that my successor could carry on the direction without difficulty. It was only after four days and nights of hard work that I succeeded in getting off in time to reach Milazzo, when the victory was won!

I arrived at 8 P.M.; the general was already in bed. As I came out of the palace, where he had taken up his quarters, I heard my own name called from the opposite balcony by Major M——. Entering the large gateway, and crossing a grass-grown, cloistered square, I found myself in a quondam monastery, now converted into an hospital. In the long corridors lay the wounded of both camps, some on straw, but by far the greater number stretched on their cloaks, with their knapsacks for pillows. Major M—— looked pale and worn—literally broken down by fatigue. I asked him how the day had gone?

"It is ours! but the victory was dearly bought; my corps is decimated as usual."

"Did Ungarelli distinguish himself?"

"The balls distinguished him! One pierced his forehead, and he died on the field. We buried him yesterday."

I shuddered. So young, so handsome, so full of vigour and intelligence. I could not associate the idea of death with Ungarelli.

"And Pisacane's eight?" I asked.

"They fought like lions; my reason for coming to the hospital this evening was to get news of them."

"They are at Barcellona, major," said my wife, coming up just then, "and the noble people tend all our wounded as their own sons. Here, in Milazzo, we can't get straw to fill the bed-ticks which we bought; there, each family has sent one bed at least. Our wounded have fish, fowl, flesh and wine, and even ices in abundance."

"How many of my men have you?"

"Twenty, major, as far as I can tell; but they are dispersed throughout the various churches, some of which are damp. Dr. R—— is going tooust the monks from a splendid monastery on the hill; then we shall have space for all these unfortunates now lying here so neglected."

"How many of Pisacane's eight are wounded?" I asked.

"Five! Rota, Bonomi and Cori may recover, but I fear that Conti and Sant-Andrea never will."

The major sighed and turned away. As I passed down the left corridor, I heard a young voice crying, "Signor Comandante," and saw three lads lying on the straw, their once white uniforms stained with blood and mire.

"They are your boys; they deserted to D——," said my wife. "Come and see another," and she led me into a room opening out of the corridor, where, on one of the beds abandoned by the monks, lay a little fellow asleep, an ice-bladder on the stump of his lost left arm.

"He was amputated this afternoon," said my wife. "Poor little mite, he is only twelve. He said, 'I'll be good if you'll hold me, signora; if it hurts I won't scream. I'll only cry a little.' I held him on my lap; he kept his word, and told me afterwards that I cried more than he did, which was quite true. Then he went fast asleep, as they nearly all do after an operation."

"Are you angry with us, Signor Comandante?" asked one of the elder lads, taking my hand and stroking it as I returned to them. "Such lots of our brigade are wounded or killed; our colonel says that after the battle of Milazzo, no one can say again that the Sicilians never fight."

I felt choking, I could not speak. I kissed their pale brows, put some money into their hands, and rushed out into the open air. Sad, indeed, is the night of a victory to one who has not shared the battle!

On the morrow I returned to the palace; as I entered the general's room, he held out his hand, saying, "I expected you."

"After the battle, general? You forgot your promise——"

"I never forget! As I was rowing off to the flag-ship, I received Medici's telegram, and started with whoever was nearest at hand. Never mind! I will make amends."

"I know, general, that you exposed your life in a hand-to-hand combat with a Bourbon captain. Do you never remember that the success of the enterprise depends on your single life?"

"If that be true I shall live to accomplish it." Then after a brief silence he said, "Do you think that the newly granted constitution will suffice the Neapolitans?"

"It might have done so before the Marsala expedition. The King is young, and ought not to be held responsible for his father's crimes; but the Neapolitans hate the entire race for their hereditary perfidy. Moreover, Italian unity is the predominant idea of the day, and your expedition has brought down that idea from the regions of Utopia to the plains of reality. No mere amelioration of the condition of a single province will suffice the Italians henceforth."

"Up to the last moment of my stay in Palermo, I was tormented with the cut and dried cry for immediate annexation to Piedmont."

"That is but a party cry, general; if you give up Sicily before you win Naples, you will lose your basis of operation."

"Do you think that the Sicilians wish for the annexation?"

"They wish for Italian unity; they know no one but Galibardo."

"We must make the most of a fair wind."

The almost deferential courtesy with which the general ascertained the opinions of all who approached him, if he had faith in their disinterested patriotism, has led to the fallacious supposition that he is easily influenced. If ever a man acts out his own instincts and trusts to his own judgment, it is Garibaldi.

After informing him of the state of the college—of the change in the officers, I asked him to name my successor.

"There is no necessity," he replied; "keep the direction in your own hands, and choose a vice-director. Some day we will send for our first battalion, at present they are better where they are."

He then gave me some commissions which necessitated my return to Palermo. "You can join me at Messina," he said. "Bosco's troops are now embarking on board French transports. The decisive victory of the 20th has completed our work in Sicily."

Four days later I found myself at Messina with a red shirt on my back, and in my pocket a commission of ensign on the general's private staff. The festive gaiety of the Pavilion had entirely disappeared from the head-quarters of Messina. Pre-occupied by serious cares, Garibaldi had grown taciturn; his brow, hitherto so open and serene, was often clouded. Always once, and sometimes twice a day, he went backwards and forwards from Messina to the Faro, to superintend the mounting of the batteries, the fitting up of gunboats, or the organization of his troops who occupied the wretched village, or bivouacked along the sandy scorching beach. Once with another aide I accompanied him in a carriage; arrived at the Faro, he ascended the lofty lighthouse, remained there for more than an hour with his spy-glass turned to the opposite coast: not a word was spoken either in going or returning.

Political problems alone had power to perplex him—the ways and means of crossing the strait were clear to him from the first, but royal

agents were for ever swooping down upon him from Piedmont, with *moral* obstacles. At last came the King's letter, ordering him to lay aside all idea of freeing Naples. His reply is well known. "The people call me. I should fail in my duty, damage the Italian cause, were I to disobey the summons."

This answer despatched, all doubt and hesitation ceased. His whole being was concentrated on the construction of an invisible bridge, over which his legions could cross from Charybdis to Scylla; he was in his element; you felt it in his look, his voice, his step, his hand-clasp. On the 7th of August I was on guard at the palace; he called me into his room.

"Would you like to take part in a daring, perhaps decisive enterprise?"

"Nothing would please me better, general."

"Be at the Faro at 4 P.M. to-morrow; your companions will be chosen men, but few."

I started for the Faro at 2 P.M. on the morrow. On the road I met Dr. R——, and told him whither I was bound.

"Have you any idea of the nature of the enterprise?"

"I have told you all I know; I suppose we can make a rough guess as to our destination."

"I shall come too," said the old soldier doctor, who could not swallow the fact that he had missed the battle of Milazzo.

"What will become of the chief ambulance?"

"That will follow."

Garibaldi was on board the *Aberdeen* anchored in the bay; we embarked, and found him pacing the deck.

"I am here, general."

"You will follow Colonnello Muss; you are on his staff for the time being."

"General!" said R——, "I shall accompany — if you will allow me."

"It is not an affair for you, you are too old," replied the general, with a caressing smile and kindly irony.

At these words a burning crimson overspread the bronzed face of the veteran, then the blood receding left him deadly pale for a moment; he stood like one turned to stone, then gathering up his strength with a supreme effort, he wrung my hand, seized a rope fastened to the steamer's side, swung himself into the boat and rowed off to shore.

Towards dark four officers came on board to inform the general that their men were ready at the appointed place.

"Good! return to them and wait for me."

A quarter of an hour later, followed by General M——, two aides and myself, Garibaldi left the steamer in a skiff. Placing himself at the helm, he glided unobserved in the midst of a number of boats, and entered a narrow canal that winds round the fortifications of the Faro. Towards the mouth of that canal as many as seventy boats were collected, while along the shore stood groups of armed men—musketeers, chasseurs, and a

few of "the guides," the general's own body-guard. Not a voice was heard among them, whereas on the adjoining beach thousands of soldiers were laughing, shouting, and talking out the hour that precedes the *retreat*.

The general bid me see three men into each boat; all were manned with a helmsman and four Sicilian rowers. This done, he divided the boats rapidly into squadrons, giving each a number—then he ordered each to push off to sea, our skiff leading the way. At first there was some slight confusion: the scaling-ladders, the revolvers, some of the soldiers and a portion of the ammunition were missing. At last all seemed ready, when suddenly the "guides," who were armed with Enfields, discovered that the cartridges were too large.

"General!" cried the commander of the expedition, incautiously, "the cartridges don't fit the rifles." The moment was supreme, all delay might prove fatal. Promptly, and in a voice of command, the general answered—

"Use your fists."

A collective and enthusiastic *Si* rose up for our reply.

Telling me to enter the commander's boat, he began, with wondrous skill, to manœuvre the little fleet that coiled about his skiff like a spiral curve. The drums had now beaten the retreat, silence reigned around. We heard the general's voice from time to time, sonorous, firm, omnipotent.

"Oh, Rossi!" he cried at last, in broad Genoese vernacular. "Glide close along the shore and make for the lighthouse."

Rossi, a Genoese captain, stood at the helm of the first boat, occupied by Colonnello Muss, two guides, and myself. Manœuvring his skiff up and down the line, the general established the distance between boat and boat, squadron and squadron; then making straight for the Faro, he gained it just as our boat touched the farthest extremity of Charybdis, and the wondrous spectacle of the two seas opened out before us.

"Oh, Rossi!"

"General!"

"Make for Altafiumara: keep to the right when you gain the shore, and let the boats land their passengers to your left."

Then raising his voice sufficiently to be heard by all, he said,—

"Yours be the honour of preceding me; this is a daring enterprise, but I have no misgivings. I know you man by man. To meet again soon!" and the little fleet defiled before him.

It was 10 P.M. The sea was slightly ruffled; the currents of the straits impelled us to the left, so that, steering to a fixed point, the little fleet found a magnificent arch, which I, from my boat at the head of the column, saw gradually traced upon the waters. The night was calm and starlit; fantastic wreaths of cloud veiled the moon; the darkness favoured our passage. As we started the captain's practised eye noted two Bourbon men-of-war, which, passing in front of Altafiumara, made direct for Scylla; and when we reached the middle of the straits, the red beacon-lights, and the noise incidental to the letting of them off, warned us that two or three others were at hand.

I asked the commander, who was a friend of mine, in what our enterprise consisted.

"In the sudden assault this night of the Fort of Altafiumara. A few days since I crossed over to Calabria, which is, as you know, my native province, saw several non-commissioned officers, who assured me that we may count on a considerable portion of the garrison. Masters of the Faro, the taking of the Fort of Altafiumara will ensure the passage of our army, as the batteries of the two forts will hinder the approach of the enemy's ships."

"Have you brought Calabrian guides?"

"No! they await us on the shore. As soon as we land, do you divide our entire force into three companies, take the command of the right wing, ascend the bed of the torrent quietly, until you reach the high road, then turn to the left and attack the fort from above. The other companies will invest it from below. See that the scaling-ladders are given, one to every five men. I have the promise of an open gate; for the rest of the work we must trust to our revolvers and our bayonets. A cannon-shot will announce our success to the dictator."

"Santo diavolone! a steamer! a steamer! we are lost," cried our boatmen in despair.

The cry of terror spread from boat to boat like an echo a hundred times repeated. As I looked back, an oscillating movement agitated the magic floating curve, visible alone by the silver furrow on the waters and the phosphoric sparks produced by the oar-strokes. But these boats contained intrepid hearts, to whom a grave in the sea would have been preferable to "turning back."

"Look there to the right, she's bearing down upon us," cried the rowers in chorus, flinging themselves flat on their faces in the bottom of the boat as if its sides could shelter them. We seized them by their hair, and holding our revolvers to their ears compelled them to rise. As soon as we got them on their legs they fell on their knees, and in words broken by sobs implored us to have pity on their families in the name of Santa Rosalia and the Madonna dei Sette Dolori. Then they took up the oars and tried to turn the boats round, on which we seized them and began to row; similar scenes occurred in each boat.

"She's down on us! She's down on us!" was the next cry, and a heavy black mass advanced towards us.

"Halt!" cried the captain, who as usual maintained his perfect *sang-froid*.

"As well be shot as sunk," said I; "why not try and board her?"

"She's swifter than we are," answered Rossi, smiling at my ignorance; "she would not allow us to approach, but would send us to the bottom in the twinkling of an eye." Nevertheless, he gave orders that in case of an attack we were to board the enemy.

Nearer and nearer it approached, no longer black but particoloured.

"It's a merchant brig," cried the rowers in a breath.

"A brig! a brig!" echoed along the line; and sure enough, her sails

swelling in the wind, the brig passed within a few yards of us, and swerving to the west, rapidly disappeared.

The rowers, relieved from their apprehension, redoubled their efforts. "Those three lights," said one of them, pointing to three beacons one lower than the rest, "denote two steamers and a gun-boat."

"That's true," said Rossi, in an under-tone. "I've been watching them ever since we started; if they see us we are not within gun-shot."

Another quarter of an hour and the long livid line of beach was visible against the dark tideless sea.

"Avanti!" cried Rossi. "Run your boats on shore, each to the left of the foremost. Pass the order." Then turning to us—"To your seats, gentlemen, and be silent."

"Pull away, my men," he cried once more, and in a few minutes we could feel the sands beneath our keel. Anxious to be the first to touch the Calabrian soil, I sprang on shore. The rowers landed their passengers in perfect silence, fear had paralyzed their tongues, and as soon as might be each pushed off. As the last man disembarked Rossi returned to his boat, and guided his fleet back to the Faro.

Two hundred and ten Garibaldians had crossed their chief's invisible bridge—alighted in the midst of fourteen thousand Bourbon soldiers! It was a bold enterprise, but not destined to succeed just then.

On the other side of the strait, at Messina, men were gazing into the darkness, and listening with painful tension of nerve for the first signal to cross:—Garibaldi, with two thousand men, was ready to sail over the strait at the first sign of success. They were on board a transport, all armed, all eager, and willing to risk life and limb under the spell of Garibaldi's bidding. But the signal came not. There was a crackle of musketry and the boom of a gun on the mountain side. Then all was dark and silent over the still waters. In the midst of the suspense of the ardent Garibaldini, the boats were seen returning to the Sicilian shore. Then it was known how the daring handful had failed to surprise the fort, but had got safely off into the friendly shelter of the Aspromonte, to wait patiently for a chief who, they knew, would not fail to come and restore to Italy a province snatched from the Bourbons.

Thoughts on Half-Holidays.

MISS NIGHTINGALE, in her little manual, *Notes on Nursing*, has laid down some very wise and profound, though simple, rules and suggestions with regard to the giving of food to the sick. Do not let your jellies, your blancmanges, your grapes, oranges, apricots (she advises), remain always, or for long, by the bedside of the patient. He will take a disgust at them, always having them before his eyes. Their very profusion will beget loathing in his mind. The very consciousness that he may have any amount of them at any time that he likes, will prevent his desiring them much, or at all.

What invalid does not know, by experience, the truth of these remarks? And yet how constantly, in visiting sick-rooms, do I find the neglected dainties stewing in the frowsy room, on a chair by the bedside of the patient, and piling the drawers, until the mere sight of them gives him a nausea, which, even if he endeavours to do so, he scarcely manages to hide from the well-meaning kindness which presses on him, from time to time, that which now his soul abhors.

Try another plan, my well-meaning, but unthinking friend. Don't even tell him beforehand that Mrs. Calvesfoot has sent him some jelly, or Lord Sweetwater some choice white grapes. Rather take up, quite as a surprise, two or three spoonfuls in a tempting little block, on a small glass plate, of the one, or a plump, blooming little segment of the other, a pyramid of some six or eight grapes, semi-transparent, with their soft grey-green bloom, upon their own vine-leaf; or a melting half of a delicious peach. Or, if it be winter, a tiny little cup, with a cover, of beef-tea, and, beside it, two thin slips of crisp toast, fresh from the fire—and not yet grown tough and supple, and suggestive of a strip from the sole of an old boot.

Try, I say, this kindly scheming, suggested in that wise little book, and the result will reward your care; notice the sparkle of the dull and languid eye (these trifles make the small events of the sick man's days); the relish in eating; perhaps the regret at the conclusion of the repast—a regret to which you must shut your eyes, and be obdurate, cloying being by all means to be avoided. Notice these things, and contrast them with the disgust and loathing occasioned by the attempt to swallow a less quantity from a plateful that had been kept all day within reach of the patient's eye and hand.

And, having done all this, or assented to the theory of it, own that, by analogy, we have hit exactly upon the special peculiar charm, felt

most keenly by the young, but, more or less, by all, to exist in the very word—half-holiday!

Wednesdays and Saturdays;—who cannot recall the sweetness of waking on those mornings with a sudden warm thought of the half-holiday bidding the young limbs bound out of bed. We seemed superior to the morning's lessons: the very lesson-hours seemed shorter. The masters appeared less severe,—no doubt mollified already by the influence of the near approach of those hours which should bring, for a while, rest from school drill and discipline—those hours when they would share the manly sports of the boys; or, perhaps, stand about the playground, leaning lazily, like apricot-trees, against the warm sunny school-house, just looking up, now and then, from their reading, with sharp, short words, if the fun became too uproarious.

But take the case at its highest ideal of delight—at its point of contact with the above analogy. You were sitting at your desk in the school an hour before the morning lessons were over. The day was neither Wednesday nor Saturday, but—all the more tantalizing—it was one of June's loveliest. Never, you fancied, lay the squares of sunshine in such tempting glory upon the floor of the schoolroom; never buzzed the flies and blue-bottles with more lazy enjoyment upon the wired panes, or circled and turned more languidly in the air, dodging each other, and darting off with sudden turns to avoid a meeting with some fly of the opposite side doubtless, in their game. Never did it seem more hard to fix the attention upon the tirades of pious *Æneas*, or the exclamations of the chorus over the devotion of *Alcestis*; never did you feel so disinclined for work; never, in short, had you such a very pining for a burst out into the warm air. How sweet it appeared to your dreaming mind, as you sat there and yearned for liberty! how the scent of lilac stole in at the open window above your head! how you longed to be on the grass, or even in the white, shadow-edged playground, with the deep blue sky above!

The head master had been called out half an hour ago. Slowly, slowly, the hand of the clock has moved, as you watched it, until the dial is bisected. You felt indignant with life. The very idea of being imprisoned in a long dusty schoolroom, while the leaves outside were moving in that idle, leisurely manner. It was a hard case,—too bad!

But a deeper hush comes over the school, that before was quiet. The head master holds open the door for a stranger to enter; a tall, dark, sallow stranger, muffled in many shawls and comforters. He stands near the doorway, and looks about with some emotion upon that long dusty room, with its (to you) commonplace, if not dreary aspect, and ranked desks of boys. He is, indeed, a stranger here now, he feels. No one remembers him; his name has died out even from the traditions of the school. But he was one of the boys, yea, one of the heroes of that school once; and old thoughts are busy with him now, as he stands there, a little bent, mild-faced, and gentlemanly; his hat in his hand; the mark of all

those unsympathizing young eyes. He has travelled far, has been long years away from England, and now, standing here, he for the first time realizes how very far behind him in life those days of boyhood are. Often has he thought of this place, and that extinct generation of light-hearted beings of which he was one :

And often, with a faded eye,
Would look behind, and send a sigh
Towards that merry ground.

But he has ended his musings. There is a strange, unreasonable pain to him in the fact that he *is* entirely a stranger here. He has not the heart to tell the boys that which he came to tell them, and had looked forward to telling them, nor to proclaim that once he was an urchin in the old school. He turns to go, but the head master, as he reaches the door, announces to the boys that Mr. Rees, his own old schoolfellow, in that very school, has begged for them a half-holiday, and that they can break up at once, with three cheers for Mr. Rees.

How the young throats go it! He leaves the playground with that blithe, hearty sound ringing in his ears. Much the same, it might seem, as that which pealed after him last time he left that playground, as ex-head boy of the school, only that forty years have joined eternity since then. There is a pardonable sadness in the smile with which he bows, taking his leave; a pardonable dew, it may be, in his eyes. But the old man, older in constitution than in years, is not really sad, only hushed and subdued in spirit since those days. Nor does he spend his thought in mournful backward looks after that light, careless glee which, after all, had much of the mere animal in its enjoyment. No, his looks are bent forward,—that happy, invalid old man. For he has spent life's school-days at his Master's feet; and now the long holidays are near, and then—hurrah for home!

Well, *you* are not stopping to muse thus gravely on the benefactor, having quite enough to do with the benefit conferred. You sum his whole biography into one expressive word; henceforth, to you, he is known as a "brick." And bang go the lids of the school-desks, into which have been stuffed the closed books, the slates, and pens. With one pivot turn, over go the legs to the liberty side of the form; caps are snatched or not, and fifty boys pour out into the summer air, under the June blue. A whole half-holiday (pardon the solecism), broad, and fair, and unexpected! Oh, the warmth and sweetness of the air, the exhilaration and life of being out in it! Oh, the glory of that band which marches, dinner being over, in a straggling string, across the fields towards that cricket-ground a mile away (ours was on a cliff, overlooking the twinkling wide sea); the chiefs with baize-covered bats on the shoulder, the next important members each with a swinging stump in the hand. Then the halt at the apple-garden on the way; the arriving at the burnt smooth field, well worn in patches here and there; the pitching of the wickets; the exciting game; the

innings (not out, fifty), that made you the hero of the day, young aspirants being proud to walk home with you, and deferentially to receive your dictum,—nay, even to share with you their just-purchased "*grub*;"—can you not recall it all?

Also the incursions—whilst your side was in—into the town after said provisions; or the gathered group, lying upon their coats, upon the hillock that overlooked the sea, and, with sobered but not quenched delight, the return walk over the cooling fields; the pacing (after tea) round the playground, discoursing of the game. Surely, from beginning to end, a half-holiday—above all, if unexpected—is the most enjoyable kind of holiday that there is at all.

For several reasons. One: it is, in its nature, short. There is not enough of it to give you time to regret its hours as they fly, so you must just enjoy them without thought of their evanescence. But if you have a week, a day or two, even a whole day, often there even begins with it a shadow, a tinge of regret—a forecast of its drawing to an end. One day gone out of the week; half the day spent; regret almost keeps pace with enjoyment in the longer space of holiday-time. So a boy will spend a sixpence and enjoy it, while he puts the pound into his money-box. So a man who has but a five-pound note will often be lavish with it; be hospitable, jovial, and free. But let a large sum be left to him, and perhaps he is chary forthwith of his expenses, grudging even the deduction of necessary shillings that make the sum-total less imposing. Extremes meet. Often the spendthrift is only not a miser, because he has nothing worth hoarding.

Another reason: the short interval between glowing anticipation and fond memory precludes the possibility of pausing to ask whether this was indeed that delight to which we had looked forward so eagerly—and whether, after all, now it has come, it is quite that which we had imaged to the mind. Before we can arrive at this reflective stage, the brief hours have passed, and the pleasures of hope have been straightway exchanged for the pleasures of memory. It is a terrible ordeal to which to bring a possessed mundane delight, the having time to sit down and compare the reality with the anticipation; to set the filled-up, finished picture side by side with that first bright sketch, so full of undefined and dreamy light and shade and colours, that the mind could fill in for itself with a thousand ever-varying, unreal, exquisite images.

Yes—and here we get the cream of my opening analogy—there is a rarer, choicer zest in having one's holidays served up in little, soon-eaten platefuls, than in having an always accessible, seemingly endless, six weeks' stock of them placed beside us, in easy reach and undisputed power. We feel that we *ought* to enjoy that great slice of the year to which we have been looking forward so eagerly. But still, often we feel that somehow we *don't*. We grow weary in the absence of regular compelled employment. We pick the sugar off our lump of cake, then the almond stuff, and then remains a somewhat heavy and indigestible mass of over-rich and cloying

sweet. So we lounge and loiter about, and don't enjoy our idleness, though of course we don't wish for school again just yet. And at this stage it is—to add to our uneasiness—that sisters and servants begin to discover that we are *tiresome boys*. In short, the long holidays are best for looking forward to; the half-holiday is the thing for present enjoyment.

These musings were, I think, suggested, in the first place, by three lines quoted in a magazine review of some pantomime. Their modest self-depreciation led me into this train of thought; and finally to the resolve to defend and assert the graceful, humble little speaker (Fairy Half-holiday) against herself. Hear her pretty speech:—

I'm only a half-holiday, you know,
But I have relatives who come out strong;
Christmas, for instance, who is six weeks long.

Whosoever the idea of this loving personification of the bright brief hours that danced by on such butterfly wings, the thought was sweet and graceful, and I hereby thank him for the gentle fancy. It peeped out, a very primrose, from the page on which I read; and, perhaps before I had lit upon it, I had not really consciously known and apprehended what a delicious joyous thing a half-holiday was. I had, no doubt, a pleasant general abstract idea; but this has fixed it, once for all, in a tangible concrete.

And so I found it a pleasing employment to sit down and call back, from the haze of the past, those merry sprite-like seasons, that all died when I left school; all, that is, of that wildly, unreflectingly joyous species, albeit some graver sisters, yet with sweet quiet eyes, more peaceful if less full of glee than that boyhood rout, pass sometimes before my path.

I have my work in the small country village in which I dwell. I am known well of the inhabitants in it; I am, indeed, honoured by much of their confidence, and by being often made their adviser and friend. My presence is a matter of course in those houses in which sorrow has set her rest, and in which the visit of almost any other would be regarded as an intrusion. It is not only allowed, but it is mostly expected that I should come, with soft step and gentle tap, and enter quietly, and after a little subdued talk downstairs, ascend the steps or the ladder, and draw the chair to the bedside; and there watch the last breathings of the dying, or kneel beside the low couch, together with the wife and children, and hear the fast-ebbing voice strive yet to join in with the old familiar words—words heard for many years now, on the working man's rest-day, in that one house in which rich and poor *should* be equal: words never perhaps felt to be more striking and appropriate than now, when uttered for the last time, after the reading of the *Nunc dimittis*—that anthem in which, long years ago, another old man took his leave of this work-a-day world.

And it would be taken unkindly from me if I did not come, some decent interval after that solemn parting day, to ascend once more into that room—so unnaturally quiet now;—and, the covering having been withdrawn, to stand once more, and for the last time here, face to face with that old parishioner and friend. And when he is brought to his last room in earth's wayside inn, there am I, standing by the gate, ready to precede him, and to show him his bed, and to smooth it—at least for those who stand around and weep—with those high and holy utterances which change the cry of defeat into the pæan of victory.

And in less matters, too, I am the referee and expected sympathizer. Has Bill Simpson a bad leg? I must watch bandage after bandage unrolled, and fully contemplate the whole evil. Has Sally Stokes an ulcer on her side? Neither entreaties, nor yet commands, were I inexperienced enough to try them, would hinder her from displaying her trouble to my eye—taught long ago, by a loving desire to win affection and confidence, and thereby influence over my people for good, not to quail or flinch, whatsoever I may be called upon to behold.

And then if Jem Jessop, of whom I had such hopes at school, begin gradually to frequent the alehouse; or if Tom Andrews has turned out his wife lightly clad into the night; if old good ways are deteriorating in one, or new bad ways gaining hold upon another, and too many immortal beings living much the life of the cattle that they feed, why, then, all these things are *my* concern, *my* anxiety, as well as theirs. They are nothing to you, perhaps, my friend,—these things that go on about you in the parish,—so long as you yourself keep the straight way. But to me they are matters of careful planning and anxious thought; of musings upon my bed, and (not to speak here too gravely) upon my knees; of walks with a trouble upon me during the walk, and perhaps a disheartening at its end; of puzzlings, and devisings, and stratagem, and assault.

And on Sunday my people collect in the little gray church, in which I am not one of the congregation that gathers by units and groups into the pews; but I am to lead their prayers and their praises. And then to speak words as earnest as I can, perhaps prepared when body was unwell and brain unstrung; at any rate, that seem to me weak and cold enough, when I see the upturned attentive faces, and realize the opportunity that is mine. And thus weekdays and Sundays I am busy, at least fully occupied, though not overburdened. And thus, in the little village in which I dwell, the day's work comes with the day.

You will have gathered from the manner in which I speak of it, that that work is not irksome work; is, indeed, dear and loved work to me. Still, even from work so precious and so dear, rest is sometimes desirable, and change necessary. And here again, it is not the fortnight or three weeks that gives the most enjoyable recreation perhaps, but the modest half-holiday.

It may be that you close your Chrysostom at the end of a homily, just

as lunch is coming in. There is little or no sickness in the parish. You saw Lucy Staples (confined to bed with rheumatism) yesterday; your ordinary parish round is just concluded; you have all well in hand. So the bright idea flashes upon your mind at lunch-time that that afternoon shall be a half-holiday. Your wife readily—too readily you sometimes fear—abets you in the determination; and the little anxieties of your little realm are, for that afternoon, dismissed from your mind. It is to be an afternoon of gardening; you will cut down those laurels and open the prospect; you will roll away the thin brown-lined turf, and remodel the shape of that bed. Besides the pleasure that you anticipate in the act of doing it, there is the enjoyment to be looked forward to of looking out of window next day, and for several days, and seeing and criticizing the effect of the change.

So with what a fresh light-hearted feeling you don your garden gloves, and bring out your implements and set to work. Now and then you retire to the open window at which sits your wife at her work to ask her opinion, or rather demand her admiration, as the change, the improvement, develops. And, the work being done, and the afternoon ended, you pull off soiled gloves and caked boots with a weary satisfaction; and sitting down by the window (at a point whence the eye may take in the alteration effected), quaff, with a labourer's enjoyment, your well-earned glass of bitter-ale. That Fairy Half-holiday has been at work in the chambers of your brain, and has dusted and swept them, and cleared ever so many cobwebs out. And, dinner over, feeling pleasantly fatigued, you give this evening to Shakspeare, or to Wordsworth, or Tennyson; or it may be, for once in the way, to *Framley Parsonage*, or *Clerical Sketches*. Or possibly, if the work has really been pretty tough, turning to your wife, you remark, "My love, I positively think that I must have forty winks," and so become oblivious until Emma brings in the tea.

This is one way of spending your half-holiday, when you have decided that you are fairly entitled to one, and able to afford it. But of course the ways of spending it are many.

For instance, you have long promised your wife to make a sally with her into the copse, in order to accumulate choice moss for her window-garden; or to collect primrose-roots for that bank opposite the window; or to dig up a stock of ferns for that fernery that you composed from those capital old ash-roots on your last half-holiday. Accoutred, therefore, in character, and each armed with a basket, and trowel or fork, you start forth. Down the lane you go, over the stile, across the meadow, wondering at the advance that spring has made, at the quite large honey-suckle leaves, at the bright emerald buds that are glorifying the cropped hedgerows, here and there just bursting into patches; at the first scent of the sweet-briar. And you find yourself carrying *both* baskets, when, having despoiled the rich copse of a few of its superabundant treasures, you trace back your way to the little green gate. But let us recall one of

those rarer and extra-delightful half-holidays, which come but once in a way in a year, and which approximate more nearly than any to that old mad delight of freed boyhood long ago.

You were sitting at your study table, frowning intently over the piled volumes, endeavouring to unravel Stier's meaning, if his tangled expression concealed any, with regard to this knotty passage. You had tried and been dissatisfied with Bengel, Estius, Ellicot;—Alford had bothered you, Winer did not help you;—the point being critical, you knew that it would be of no use to consult the earlier commentators. You had recurred again to the naked text, with the context, and half an hour's close thought had brought you a dawn of the meaning. Half an hour, you know it has been,—for it is now half-past eleven, and last time you looked up in puzzled thought, you watched mechanically the thin, puffed, sunlit track of steam rise, and diffuse, and melt above the fields through which the eleven o'clock train was gliding in the distance. There was a ring at the door two minutes ago. But you heard it without hearing it, for you are expecting no one.

A tap, however, at your study door; it widely opens, and in walk, perhaps, two of your London brothers, last seen at Christmas,—perhaps, two old Oxford friends. You start up with joyful alacrity—a good-by to the commentators for that day. “My dear fellows, how uncommonly glad I am to see you! Who would have thought of your coming down to-day? And now we'll have a glorious day together.”

You find that they have left London with the full intention of doing this. You stand for a time in the bow window of the study, and talk; you go into the drawing-room to your wife and sisters, and talk; you step out of the drawing-room into the garden, and stand, and sit, and saunter about, and talk, talk, talk hard. There is a most immense arrear of talk to be got through in a short time; besides, you have for some weeks seen no new face, and interchanged thoughts with no new mind. And the wine of life, that was so still and quiet, bursts into excitement and sparkle, now that this new arrival has, on a sudden, drawn the cork.

But presently you come in together, with quick step, from the garden. One of the visitors has asked, “How about the picnic excursion that we were to make to Hawley Wood? We had something of an eye to that, when we started this morning.”

Glorious idea! “Girls, wife, what do you say to starting for Hawley Wood this afternoon?”

Say! The very thing, to be sure, of all others, for that queen of summer days. They are forthwith on the move, ready to

Put on with speed their woodland dress.

It is decided to have a light lunch now, and to send on George with the commissariat, so that you may dine whenever you like.

There are a couple of miles to walk, and many nooks to be ex-

pled in the wood and valley,—a hidden rivulet among the moss and long grass,

That, to the sleeping woods all night,
Singeth a quiet tune:

a waterfall trickling down through some lichened boulders, spattering here and there the bobbing ferns; a small tarn with snipes and moorhens, paved, over part of its surface, with water-lilies. All these you purpose to investigate, while the ladies work and read in that little smooth-turfed dell, from which the brushwood recedes on all sides, through which the little brook meanders; and in which you mean to discuss the goodly fare that the provident secretary for the home department has skilfully extemporized.

And so you start. Delicious and abundant interchange of thought and reminiscence; untiring, without pause. Over the sweet hay-meadows you struggle, assembled again by the little pause of the many stiles:—

All the land in flowery squares,
Beneath a broad and equal-blowing wind,
Smells of the "juvent" summer, as one large cloud
Draws downward; but all else of heaven is pure
Up to the sun.

Then, a delicious beanfield or two, with its under-music of bees; a wide fragrant-breathing magenta-sheet of clover; and, by the side of the shaded meadow path,

From the woods
Came voices of the well-contented doves;
The lark could scarce get out his notes for joy,
But shook his song together as he neared
His happy home, the ground. To left and right
The cuckoo told his name to all the hills;
The mellow ouzel fluted in the elm,
The redeap whistled.

And so the short (to-day, *very* short) two miles are ended, and you enter the wood. Oh, the delight of it to those London friends,—and your personal interest and pride in their admiration! The excitement, to them, of those headlong rabbits that scud across the narrow, winding path; their emotion at coming suddenly upon that long-tailed bird with the scarlet about his head, standing in full view for a few minutes under the old oak, in a patch of clearing!—their fresh delight (almost worth living in London to own) at the spreading myriads of bent blue hyacinth bells, and the milky way of starry wood-anemones that glimmers far into the deepening wood! And their sobered intensity of appreciation, when you wander into a graver part of the wood, where

With dun-red bark
The fir-trees, and the unfrequent, slender oak,
Forth from this tangle wild of bush and brake
Soar up, and form a melancholy vault
High o'er you, murmuring like a distant sea.

And at last you wander back to that soft-swarded nook, with its bright flower-bed of ladies; and gather about them, and lie in all sorts of attitudes, and

Talk, the stream beneath you runs,
The wine-flask lying couched in moss,
Or cooled within the glooming wave.

You right heartily enjoy and go in for the

Dusky loaf that smells of home,
And half-cut down,—a pasty costly made,
Where quail and pigeon, lark and leveret—

(or something equally good)

Lie,
Like fossils of the rock, with golden rolls
Embedded and injellied.

Also the great cabbage-leaves of strawberries that you fish out of the basket, fresh, and just picked, and that never were crushed in a pottle. And then you lean back, and tranquilly take in summer, converse, quiet, until the sweet day draws near to an end. Then you gather the débris together; the ladies assume their baskets, and you wind back, cheerful at heart and refreshed, retracing the midday track—

Through the late twilight; and though now the bat
Wheels silent by, and not a swallow twitters,
Yet still the solitary humble bee
Sings in the bean-flower.

And you come upon two or three glow-worms in a constellation; and over the woods so full, in the daytime, of busy song and murmuring dove-notes, a tender silence has fallen; but a nightingale is flooding the evening with ravishing song; another, a field or two away, is answering him; and quite in the distance, the ear now and then catches the hushed melody of two or three more.

Enough; your half-holiday has done you a wonderful amount of good, and you have thoroughly enjoyed it. Nor is it yet over: there is tea by the open window, above the scent of mignonette; and the willing girls take turns to sing old songs, and to play old pieces, that you have long ago loved together. And years after, even, that half-holiday is not all over—is still keenly enjoyed; and when you three old fellows meet, with a streak of grey in your hair, the eyes yet sparkle, and the faces light up, when one says, "Ah, do you remember that day, twenty years ago, when we came down to see you, at your first curacy, and spent the afternoon in Hawley Wood?"

Half-holiday! It is, in truth, a sweet little fairy, gamesome and mad as Puck in boyhood; tender and delightful as Ariel when graver years have come. I fancied that it might be even pleasant to read about; and that to many minds, congenial with my own, this pen might prove a wand to wave back a glad and merry gathering of the tiny winged things, to

dance, as gnats, in life's afternoon sun. I have no weighty moral to append; nor must I, though I easily might, add to these few specimens that I have selected and pinned down in my cabinet. Surely each, out of his own experience, can catch one or more for himself, and spread out the wings and arrange the legs.

Only this let me say, that I am heartily glad to feel that the claims of my little client are becoming more and more recognized, and its beauty and usefulness approved. I like to know that the city clerk is now often turned loose at midday on Saturday from his humdrum treadmill life, to open his shoulders and his lungs on the cricket-field; or to lie his length in the deep daisied grass under the apple-blossom or laburnum. I like, if possible even more, to think of a free half-day in the week for the tired shopman, who has so little of anything enjoyable in life; who, all the week, from early morning to late night, has been showing dresses, linens, and calicoes, at the very look and smell of which at last his heart must sicken. And I urge on all who have ever had and enjoyed a half-holiday, this rule:—"DON'T SHOP AFTER TWELVE ON A SATURDAY." The soul need not be starved for the body's play, nor Sunday be made a day of mere thoughtless world's enjoyment. Let your hard-worked brother have Sunday for thoughts that, at least one day, he will very much wish to have had. And, if we really care for his bodily recreation and enjoyment, and desire, more than in mere talk, the unwrinkling of his forehead and the unbending of his back, remember that *others* can do—what perhaps you call impossible—and *give a half-holiday on the Saturday!*

This last, of course, to employers. And, I add, that the better work that you will get out of those lighter hearts and refreshed bodies will ensure you against being losers in the end by your indulgence; by such pauses for the oiling of the machinery. And if you ever delight in a half-holiday yourself—ay, if the dry world's dust having now choked that once joyous little spring for you, you yet did *once* own the capacity of enjoying those brief fairy hours—then call to mind the dead sweetness of your own past half-holidays, and

GIVE A HALF-HOLIDAY WHENEVER YOU CAN!

Money and Manners.

THAT living becomes every year more expensive in all the great cities of Europe, and that even the unfrequented byways,—formerly no less alluring in their cheapness than in their sequestered simplicity,—are rapidly rising to the tariff of towns, are facts painfully impressed on all residents and travellers whose purses are more flaccid than their desires. We know odious people who look with satisfaction on this state of things. They boast of it as an index of flourishing commerce and high civilization. To such men, civil war is admirable, if it stimulates the demand for firearms; an earthquake would be a blessing if it were “good for trade.” Now, although trade is a very good thing, although much of our intellectual and moral progress can be distinctly traceable to the influence of commerce, yet we require little reflection to see that trade brings with it many evil influences, and that what is good for trade is often very bad for Humanity.

With regard to the expensiveness of living, it is a profound mistake to suppose that commercial activity is the chief cause. Any one who looks at Paris at the present day, and deplores its hideous extravagance, will see that the vanities and not the honest industries are at work there. Trade flourishes, no doubt; the vanities stimulate production; but that which makes living so expensive is not the plethora of wealth, but the restlessness of ostentation. Venice and Genoa, England and Holland, have been commercially active enough, and wealthy enough in all conscience, at periods when living was cheap. The wealth was then expended on the luxuries of the few; now it is greatly absorbed by the futilities of the many. There can be no comparison between the wealth of Augsburg with its great banking-houses, or Nuremberg with its countless hives of industry, and Hanover which has no trade to boast of; yet living in Hanover is very much dearer than living in Augsburg or Nuremberg, simply because Hanover has more aristocratic pretensions.

Whoever wanders over Europe, taking out-of-the-way places in his route, will be surprised at the inexplicable differences in the prices of living which various towns and villages present. In Switzerland and the Tyrol, for example, it is difficult now for the traveller to discover any of the once-famed spots in which “living costs next to nothing;” this is owing to the crowds of tourists who have everywhere raised the prices by raising the standard of ordinary requirements; yet, even here, the range of prices varies inexplicably. In Germany again, although, as a rule, it is true that the south is cheaper than the north, and the sequestered spots cheaper than the great highways, you will not unfrequently find on the

mountain ridges and valleys of Middle and Northern Germany, that the expense of living is higher than in many old-fashioned high-roads in the mountainous districts of Upper Germany.

The philosophic pedestrian, Riehl, whose admirable works on German life have gained him a wide reputation, has treated this subject of comparative prices in his *Culturstudien*.* He mentions, that in his wanderings near Cuxhaven, he one night was forced to stop at a miserable-looking inn, the public room of which strongly resembled those of similar inns in the poor hilly districts of Middle Germany; but, to his surprise, the landlord served the supper in an ambitious room decorated in the style of town hotels:—"He even placed before me two kinds of bread, and two kinds of plates, quite in style, for the ham and eggs. In ale-houses, of fully equal respectability, amidst the hills of my Middle German home, instead of such table luxuries you might much rather expect the landlady to ask you whether you wanted a knife? and if you were so unfortunate as not to carry one in your pocket, she would clean a dirty hacked thing before your eyes, by wiping it upon her apron. I made a note of the circumstance, thinking that it would be of some service to me in my meditations upon the difference in the value of money in Northern and Southern Germany. For, as a matter of course in the reckoning, which was considerably higher than it would have been in a South German public-house of the same rank, I had not only paid for the food and drink, but also for the cushioned chairs and embroidered curtains, and for the two kinds of plates and forks, as well as for the unasked-for knife, the cleaning of which had not been transacted before my eyes." Riehl asked himself what he had been paying for? and found that whether or not he appreciated the extra splendour of this northern alehouse, he had at least paid for it. Every one knows that in those happy places where inn-reckonings are charmingly small, inn-comforts are apt to be amazingly restricted. For a change we may not object to this. It may even sharpen our enjoyment. A little of the primitive simplicity of living keeps up the quiet romance of our expedition. Provided the beds are clean and . . . but in primitive simplicity, there are many details which may be laughed over in subsequent talk, or may be laughingly endured at the time, yet we should never forget that the smallness of the bill is dependent upon things which we would gladly see altered.

In the old Bavarian inns, as Riehl tells us, the bread is always charged separately, no matter how long the bill may be. Where this is not done, the traveller should regard it with suspicion: it means either that the host charges double, or that you have got into an *hotel*. The custom of charging for bread as a separate item has a social basis: it presupposes that a part of the guests bring their piece of bread in their pockets, according to the fashion of the workpeople and peasants. That is to say, in these inns, which, in other respects, may be excellent town-like places of entertainment, the whole company is dealt with in a manner appropriate

* RIEHL:—*Culturstudien aus drei Jahrhunderten*. 1859.

to the lower and middle, not the higher classes. This is an extremely important characteristic, which appears not only in the separate reckoning of a farthing's worth of bread at the inn, but also in the whole social life, and by which a great portion of Upper Germany is distinguished from all the rest, viz., that the common social customs, to a very large extent, are rooted in the traditions of the citizens and peasantry, and not in those of aristocratic and courtly circles.

The unknown man in a respectable coat, and with semi-respectable manners, is treated in Northern Germany as a "gentleman." This word "gentleman," and also the word "comfort," threaten to have a fatal influence upon the people. Both proceed upon the supposition, or rather the hypocritical pretence, that the average portion of society belongs to the aristocracy, not to the middle class of citizens. When the stranger is at the outset supposed to be a gentleman, then, of course, he must pay like a lord; when, however, he is taken for a simple citizen, the charges are adapted to this condition. The immediate influence of the value of money in England upon the value of money in the cities of the northern coasts, is scarcely more powerful than the influence of English manners. If any one doubts this, it will only be necessary to place at his right "a gentleman," and at his left a citizen of Upper Germany, who puts his piece of bread into his pocket before going to the inn. He will soon be convinced. As long as the Upper German simplicity of manner prevailed in Switzerland, living was cheap there; but when English and American tourists came, with their great pretensions and demands, and brought with them the idea of "gentleman" and "comfort," i.e., their English manners and requirements, without the English trade and commerce, the prices became at once "gentlemanly," and shot up into the sky, contrasting with the continued cheapness of the unvisited places, as an Alpine range contrasts with the plain.

Riehl points to the fact that in the larger towns of Northern Germany the quiet and respectable inns of the middle class, with the old German name upon the signboard, have almost entirely disappeared, and the choice now only remains between first-class and very miserable houses. The greater cheapness of travelling in Upper Germany consists in the fact that there a man of the first rank may always put up at an old-fashioned, middle-class, but at the same time extremely comfortable and respectable inn. As the separate reckoning of the farthing's-worth of bread in Old Bavaria contains the symbol of a social truth, so the separate reckoning of the *bougies* in the hotels of Northern Germany furnishes us with a vivid illustration of the customs, and of the dearness of living, in that part of the country. These two so-called *bougies* are placed upon our dressing-table in the evening, whether we want them or not, and next morning they are set down in the bill at sixpence or a shilling (a whole pound costs only about fourteen-pence), although we have perhaps only burned half a finger's length of them. A young married couple from Southern Germany, who made a wedding tour to the North, took with them a sepa-

rate box for these *bougies*, in order that upon their return home they might, at least, have the full benefit of such a costly illumination. In general, however, people quietly submit to such impositions, and do not pocket the candles. For is it not a most gentlemanly sort of thing to use a shilling's-worth of light simply to undress by? This is exactly as much as the entire accommodation for the night (including candles) costs at a respectable inn in Munich—for example, the *Leinfelder Hof*.

It is not the things which are used in Northern Germany which are dearer, but the manner in which they are used. We must not suppose that because we have to pay three times as much for a cutlet in Hanover as we pay in Augsburg, that the price of meat in the former city is three times as high as in the latter. For in Augsburg we get simply a cutlet; in Hanover we get a cutlet—and three waiters; three waiters, who speak English, French, and German, and who are dressed with almost greater elegance than ourselves. The citizen with the greatest satisfaction pays these waiters twice over, viz., once in the prices charged in the bill of fare, and then under the heading “service.” And why should not the “gentleman” pay for this “service” with pleasure? Has he not been most promptly and submissively served, almost like a nobleman, and certainly in a style which he will never equal in his own house? In the plebeian brew-houses in Munich, the guests have to fetch the beer themselves, and are even obliged sometimes to bring a glass with them, if they would not, like Diogenes, drink out of the hand.

People, very properly, smile at the extravagance which in the middle ages led to the maintenance of an unnecessary number of servants, and which is still in some degree continued in countries, such as Spain and Russia, where the feudal system yet lingers. Our nobles, indeed, do not now move from place to place attended by an endless train of idlers, but instead of that, persons of almost every class, except the genuine peasant, allow themselves to have countless small services performed for them by a whole army of messengers, cabdrivers, hired servants, waiters, day-labourers, and even by tradespeople, which everybody, without loss of time, could just as well perform for himself, and which in our fathers' days every one did perform for himself without any compromise of his respectability. It can scarcely be said, therefore, that the unnecessary extravagance in the number of servants has disappeared; that extravagance has only passed into other forms, and extended itself over a larger portion of society. For if one hundred thousand human beings are ashamed to carry their light and extremely portable travelling-bags to the railway station, and by this means the continual service of some fifty porters is made necessary, this is, in the long run, not a smaller extravagance than if a great lord should have, as formerly, fifty servants in his train. The fashion of requiring such unnecessary services makes all fine people in the end helpless in the simplest matters of every-day life, and destroys their reliance upon their own power. It obviously contributes also to the increase of the expensiveness of living.

With the necessities of life it is as with the ornaments ; we frequently pay more for the fashion of the thing than for its intrinsic value. We are attended upon like lords ; and pay like lords ; we dress like lords, we furnish our houses like lords, we give entertainments like lords—at least as much like them as we possibly can ; and it is not the dress, or the food, or the enjoyment we pay heavily for, but the vanity of seeming to share the wealth of our superiors. The tyranny of fashion is irresistible. Riehl tells us that in a romantic old country church he saw some tombs of the peasants of the 16th and 17th centuries. The effigies of the old fellows were hewn out in high relief, wearing the Spanish cloak, bonnet on the head, sword by the side, on the hilt of which the hand rested defiantly, as if the man had been a count or baron, not a peasant. And the descendants of these peasants are quite as grand as their ancestors. It is true that they still live in the old-fashioned Saxon house, with immense thatched roof, to which the principal entrance is through the cowstall. But we also find state apartments of quite another sort,—rooms furnished with the richest and most town-like comfort, adorned with carpets and mahogany furniture, and splendid mirrors and pictures, according to the most modern style ; and even an elegant little library is sometimes seen. The garden, too, behind the house, is not a peasant's garden, but quite an elegant plot of ground with the clipped lime and yew trees of one hundred years ago.

As the marsh with its monotonous aspect, often impassable, and exposed to a continual battle with wind and water, presents little inducement to the people to go out of doors, the rich ones act wisely, in making their house and garden as attractive as possible ; and if they keep their house like the English, and their garden like the Dutch, we English must help them to pay for it. The English bull, with his printed and credulously received pedigree of more than four ancestors, grazes in the marshes, and the English boar, a walking cylinder of fat, with four contemptible legs, spends his time in eating and sleeping ; but then in exchange for these the fattened oxen of the marsh, so artistically fed up that you can take a quadratic measure of their hind quarters with a carpenter's square, go back (not gratuitously) by whole shiploads to London.

Riehl raises the question, whether these householders with their extensive housekeeping, with their town-luxuries and town-education, can still be rightly called *peasants*?—a question which cannot be answered off-hand with yes or no. Without doubt they represent the social strength of the peasantry of the entire country ; for the little man settled in their neighbourhood, the *Köthner* (the lowest class of field-labourers), who indeed still lives in perfect peasant simplicity, and amongst other things, to say nothing of curtains at kitchen windows, never possesses a chimney or a hearth, but, like the Laplanders and Finlanders, allows the smoke to escape at door and window, and, therefore, in case of necessity could cure his hams in the dwelling-house or cowstall ; this *Köthner* is without any independent social importance. The peasant civilization,

too, is in fact represented by these rich householders. They have for generations transplanted town-education and town-luxury to the country, that is to say, a host of ideal and imaginary, important and unimportant, requirements have become universal in the country, and by *this* means, living has become more expensive. The things themselves did not at first rise in price, but expensive requirements increased in number. If, however, the whole of the influential portion of society admit such requirements, these requirements become the custom of the country, and even amongst persons of the humblest conditions of life are reckoned as necessaries. It is not at first the actual cost of things which increases, but the mode of living becomes dearer, and customs more expensive, by which means a real rise in the cost of things must take place.

In the luxuriant corn-land of the Danubian district between Regensburg and Passau you may still see rich peasant-women in holiday attire, which in costliness can only be matched by the dresses of the aristocracy. For the cape, skirt, and bodice are made of the heaviest silk material, covered with gold spangles, the bodice hung with gold chains, medals, and other massive ornaments,—and sometimes cape, bodice, and shoes are adorned with real jewels. But the whole is, nevertheless, peculiarly a peasant's garb, not at all comparable with the dress of the masters of those old Wurster peasants; and the peasant-woman who once a year puts on such a dress, limits herself all the rest of the time to simple necessaries, and lives cheaply in spite of this enormous expenditure.

Thus preposterous as were the old sumptuary laws, there lay nevertheless a sound idea at the root of them. They went upon the principle, that indulgence in luxuries beyond one's proper condition in life tends most towards making living expensive. Therefore these laws have not been urged by householders amongst the people, but by those who considered themselves the appointed guardians of public morality—theologians. An extravagance within the limits of the customs peculiar to a certain class may remain isolated; an extravagance beyond those limits, never. A scholar may spend 200*l.* a year in books, and yet in everything else be as moderate in his expenditure as before; but if he spend 200*l.* a year upon his carriage he will double his other requirements. If, then, the customs of any class of persons are overstepped in a single particular, and this excess become general in a whole community, there follows forthwith a decided increase in the expense of living. In a country, then, where the peasants still live in a manner befitting their condition,—other things being equal,—living will be cheaper, than in a country where there is a more *townish* peasantry. Indeed, we may say briefly, that wherever a genuine people's costume is worn, there we can live cheaply. For the peasant dress is the token of a simple peasant-condition, in which few artificial necessities are known, although, perhaps, in particular points,—at weddings, festivals, &c.,—there may be an exceptional luxury, or indeed a senseless extravagance. Therefore most manufacturers and merchants, as also, hawkers and pedlars, with good reason, despise and

contemn the peasant costume, for its continued prevalence promises them but a poor market for their wares.

Lately it has been complained that in the whole of Lower Saxony, from the south-western corner of Westphalia as far as Schleswig-Holstein, the rich grand peasant, who until now has always been considered as firm and hard as oak in his adherence to the customs of his class, has visibly been more given to town enjoyments. By this means, of course, the expensiveness of living in the north-west of Germany is increased, even when those peasants themselves do not spend a farthing more upon their new town luxuries than upon their old peasant habits. Indeed in some particulars it may be cheaper to visit a casino in the long winter-evenings than to entertain company upon soup in the spinning-room according to the paternal usage. Nevertheless, such a village casino will immediately make living in general dearer, for with the town-word comes the elegant town-building and town dress, and a thousand really foolish town-customs until then unknown, which at last reverse the whole mode of living, and which, with the *apparent* rise in the cost of things, make a *real* rise necessary.

Customs are just as decisive with respect to cheapness of living in any particular locality as the high or low prices of the common necessities of life. Even the history of the price of corn receives many a new ray of light from the history of manners. Continual dearness of corn is an advantage only to the rich agriculturist; the more humble peasant is oppressed by the time of dearness just as much as the citizen. When there is a long succession of poor harvests the rich farmer becomes more a corn-dealer than an agriculturist, and with this citizen's occupation he brings, beside his full purse, all sorts of town-luxuries into the country. If even now many Westphalian farmers turn their backs upon their possessions during a part of the year, in order to spend "the season" in the city, and then establish casinos in their villages, or upon their farms, where people dance the polka and play at whist, this is quite certain to be a result of several years' dearness of corn. But through the introduction of more expensive manners, the living not only of the individual who adopts the new mode will be made more expensive, but gradually living throughout the country will become dearer. For amongst the peasant people an example given by an upper rank of their own class works with peculiar energy, and the more humble peasant, who has not been himself enriched by the time of dearness, is drawn at last into the more pretentious style of living. A social increase of expense thus associates itself with the domestic increase. The domestic increase of expense decreases, for after seven poor years come at last seven rich ones,—the social increase, on the contrary, remains. It is unheard-of that a people peacefully and voluntarily turned back from luxurious manners to more simple ones. Dreadful wars and revolutions, the emigration or destruction of a people, in short only the heaviest judgments of God, are sufficient to work such a miracle. Therefore it is that the increased expensiveness

of manners in the country, which almost always follows dear years, contributes to prevent living ever becoming so cheap as it was before, notwithstanding many favourable harvests afterwards. An important modification, or even the entire abandonment, of a special popular costume comes almost invariably with, and after, high corn prices.

It might, however, be thought that even if a dear time lead the peasant to more luxurious habits, it would, on the contrary, compel the citizen to live more scantily; and thus one influence would be set against the other, and the effect upon the expensiveness of living throughout the country would be nil. For a time it may be that years of scarcity will compel the citizen to adopt a poor method of living. But it lies in the nature of the active citizen to make up very speedily for that which he has lost as soon as he has a favourable opportunity. In the peasant, on the contrary, there rests the conservative power of custom, and if he begin to live more expensively, it makes no difference to him that people in the city have become more economical; living, upon the whole, will still become more expensive. When in the 17th century the aristocracy indulged in the most extravagant expenditure, and adopted the most expensive manners, living was, notwithstanding, far cheaper than at present, when the noble is economical and the peasant begins to live in luxury. The village is, or should be, the stronghold of simplicity of manners. As long as the citadel is held, but little harm is done if the outworks fall.

While Riehl justly traces much of the increased expensiveness of living to the adoption of luxuries in the place of necessities, and the destruction of the simplicity of peasant life, he is too good a political economist to overlook the other causes. Among these he specially mentions the increased value of *time*, as a thing to be paid for highly in the North, whereas in the South it is of small value; and hence the South of Germany is cheaper than the North. Often when people think they have only paid for the idle luxury of fashion they have, in fact, been purchasing that expensive article, Time. Thus in the cheap Bavarian inns you must be thankful if you get a bit of meat an hour after it is ordered; it will cost you fourpence; if you pay a shilling in Northern Germany for a similar dish, the difference in price is explained when you reflect that you got the meat as soon as ordered. To the idle wanderer or pleasure-seeker, the indifference to the value of time which seems universally manifested in the South, may be of little moment; but to the man who can appreciate the value of time, the extra cheapness which such indifference brings, is recognized as extravagance. Peasants and children have always plenty of time on their hands. As the world becomes older, more educated, and, let us add, more aristocratic in its requirements, time becomes more precious. With the rise in the value of time, the value of money sinks. We can, therefore, live most cheaply where people have most time, since they are willing to give their costliest article, Time, almost for nothing.

Riehl has in several places worked out his idea that the differences between Southern and Northern German life are mainly founded on the citizen standard being taken in the south, and the aristocratic standard in the north. On the first mention this sounds like a paradox. The South has so long been considered as peculiarly aristocratic; and numerous have been the sarcasms on the servility of the Bavarian and Austrian, who will call every well-dressed man, "your honour," or "my lord." This custom, however, is by no means based upon an immoderate respect for nobility. On the contrary, by this means the mere titles, being misused, in course of time completely lose their value. The custom referred to is simply an old citizen's flourish handed down from the last century, and which may continue in use quite in harmony with, and resting upon the same basis as, a simplicity of manners quite as old-fashioned, and which seems to us almost democratic. It appears to us accordant with the same old-fashioned, ancestral manners, when the shopkeeper, whom we visit as purchasers, deals with us in a way positively rude, according to our notions, but when we go, "begs most submissively that we will soon again do him the honour." Where such an excess of politeness is found closely associated with so much rudeness, there cheapness will be the general rule. In the same beer-house in Upper Germany in which we are addressed as "my lord," we shall not be served better by one hair's-breadth than the peasant and citizen of the lowest class, who sit beside us at the same table. If we should require an attention which lies beyond the most simple hereditary household arrangements, we must expect from the rich landlord,—who, by the way, considers himself much more the lord, and looks upon us, noble lords, as promiscuously assembled people,—the most obvious contempt. Here there is no trace anywhere of the "gentleman," but only of the citizen. And when, only a short time ago, ministers and diplomatists used to give dinners at the "Green Tree" in Munich, the inn frequented by the raftsmen, they were not distinguished by an attention very much superior to that bestowed upon the raftsmen themselves. They had just the same kind of fare,—for the raftsmen know well enough what is good to eat,—and finally just as cheap a reckoning.

The fact that in Upper Germany generally the small citizen gives the tone to manners, while in Lower Germany only the manners of the aristocratic world have for a long time been predominant, indicates a marked difference of character in the people. There are two ways in which we can flatter our pride of rank. First, by sunning ourselves according to the method, and within the circle, of the most aristocratic world into which we can possibly get, and by this means feeling our own importance clearly expressed and recognized; or, secondly, by moving in a lower sphere than that to which we belong, and thus feeling the more proud of our hidden worth, and our importance increased in our own eyes by the force of contrast. The first method is very characteristic of the Northern Germans; the second of the Southern. "In the most polite circles," says Riehl, "I, a modest southern, have not felt half so proud as when, upon pedestrian

excursions, I have now and then taken up my quarters in a public-house, over the door of which was written: 'Here no traveller will be received until he has proved that he possesses three-farthings with which to pay for a bed, and twopence for refreshments.' Under such circumstances, one has quite the feeling of a prince travelling incognito, and the reckonings are cheap into the bargain. The North German much prefers travelling ostensibly like a prince; and it is well-known that that is ten times more expensive. Estimated morally, both forms of pride may come to the same thing; but so far as dear or cheap living is concerned, they produce, not only during journeys, but in our whole life, an incredible difference."

We have given Riehl's views, often in nearly his own language, because they are the views of a thoughtful and experienced man, accustomed to study every variety of German life; and it is obvious that what he says of Germany applies equally to Europe: prices are everywhere rising, because everywhere the aristocratic pretensions of the masses are destroying the peasant simplicity and bourgeois ideal of plenty and comfort, replacing them with attempts, which deceive no one, to imitate the splendour of their superiors. What Goethe sarcastically says of writers, that now-a-days every one wishes to be a poet, no one a cobbler—

Niemand will ein Schuster seyn,
Jederman ein Dichter—

is true in other directions. And the influence of railways rapidly causes the manners of various districts to blend; because it is not in human nature, voluntarily, to adopt a curtailment of luxuries, but eagerly to adopt any addition; and the constant sight of elegancies, futilities, and extravagancies has the inevitable effect of making the spectator desire them. How much toil, heartache, and early death in our professional and commercial circles, have their origin in the frivolous desires of wives and daughters to "live in style!" How much of the comfort and happiness of life is sacrificed to ostentation which brings no real comfort to any! But to preach on this text is to preach in the desert.

The Socrates of the Athenian People.

WHAT is the value of the portrait which the old philosophers have left us of Socrates? Is our Socrates the Socrates of the Athenian people? or are we accepting a myth made to the image of our own likings as the man whom we claim to have given Greece the highest of all human teachings, and to have illustrated them by the highest of all human traits? Why that homage paid to him by a posterity removed from his day by a generation, and that indifferent credit in which he lived among the accomplished citizens who knew him best, and to whom he was nearly as familiar as the members of their own households? Odd as it is that the antiquity posterior to his own times, and the people of our own, so differently circumstanced as to almost every ingredient in the formation of opinion, should be found taking precisely the same high estimate; it is still more curious that some of the most enlightened of his contemporaries, his own near neighbours, should have discredited him as a buffoon, or eccentric busybody during life, and should have made him end it as a malefactor.

It would be pleasant in this age of historical doubt to make up debateable ground out of a character so solidly established in public opinion; and the discussion might prove quite as prolific as any we have had out of the difficulties of celebrated biography. It so happens that the anomaly is so well authenticated that it is almost as easy to have, as not to have, doubts about its cause; for the great man lived in an age and country of eminent historians and acute-minded philosophers—little as his doom suggests the fact—thanks to whose full records and exuberant commentaries, we know him nearly as well as, following the precept of the Delphic temple, he endeavoured to know himself; that is to say, a great deal better than we know our own Shakspeare, or the Italians their Correggio or Dante.

Another of the strange inconsistencies in the celebrity of Socrates is that, unexampled as it is, it was raised on no better foundation than talking. As the great men we have named are known to us only by what they did, he is known to us only by what he said. Beyond a poetic trifle or two, with which he amused himself in prison, he wrote nothing; and he is all he is with us, because of certain homely oral expositions of social and moral well-being which he made to his fellow-citizens. That he lived the life he taught; that he died the death his principles demanded; that his practice, in fact, did not discredit his teachings, opens quite another subject, namely, that inner excellence, which is rarely considered in our estimates of a human greatness. The obvious facts are, that in a country where the government, the army, and the arts

offered the only openings to high distinction, it was not his lot to command in war or lead the councils of his country in peace; that it was not his glory to save it from the shame of foreign conquest, or that injury of domestic tyranny which he shared with it; that he was no orator, no poet, and left behind him none of those excellent works in history, philosophy, or literature, such as have made immortal not a few of his contemporaries. How, then, has it happened that the most unconsidered character in Athenian public life has become the most commanding figure in its history? To what chance do we owe it, that a repute the most equivocal in the roll of philosophers during his life, should have merged on his death into the most assured and illustrious of celebrities?

In trying to understand how this great teacher stood in so unfortunate a relation to his epoch, we cannot do better than take a mental photograph of him as he stood in the ripened greatness of his later years, winding up his mission of usefulness in the midst of the citizens who were so soon to give it its due climax; taking him as he stood in some favourite spot in the most beautiful city of the world, at that moment, however, shorn of many of the glories in the midst of which, for half a century or more, it had flourished as the queen and mistress of the civilized world. There, in the centre of the city, stands the Arthur's Seat of Athens, the sacred Acropolis, with its circuit of two miles, where temples, and institutions, and porticoes, and marble gates, and colossal statues of deities, and of men nearly as divine, tower aloft over the citizens, standing out in the clearest sky and balmiest climate in the world, in the most beautiful proportions the skill and genius of inspired men had ever given to the work of their hands. On one side of the great city flows the rapid Ilissus, under its fringed canopies of plane-trees, fed at this point by the wilder Eridanus. There, on the other side, runs the torrent-like Cephissus, both meandering in crystal clearness and delicious freshness towards the sea, that may be seen a few stones'-throw off, glistening like a colossal mirror, waiting to receive their waters. Filled with a lively population of some hundred thousand citizens, strangers, and slaves—whom Paris, after the humiliating campaign of 1814, may recall to us—there is one thing human—and, as far as we know, only one thing human—that has survived unchanged the half century of incredible vicissitudes which the city has passed through—Socrates, now an institution, rather than a man. To-day we have him in the meadow alongside of the Ilissus, accompanied by Xenophon, Plato, and a few of the more accomplished or enthusiastic of his pupils. To-morrow his morning will be spent in some of the gymnasia, or if the Agora has its meeting, or some other public place has drawn its crowd, there will stand the well-known form of Socrates, waiting his occasion to turn some event or person into missionary account. We have intimated what in fame he now is to us. What seems he there to the acute and highly-gifted citizens who have seen so much of him, have heard so much more about him, and who are just now puzzling their active fancies as to the position they accord or will accord him? How adjudge they the

strange-looking old man by their side with that emphatic personality of his which in the largest assembly would be the first to attract the artist's attention, and which may safely be pronounced the most prominent of objects wheresoever he goes? To this stranger, just come from unfortunate Corcyra, he looks as though one of the marble Sileni he has been studying in a niche of yon temple of Bacchus had taken flesh under the prayer of the Pygmalion who had carved it, and stepping down from its pedestal, were busying itself inquiring what these Athenian worshippers were thinking about with their recent niggardliness in its patron's worship. He has the bare ponderous head with shining bald crown, large, prominent eyes, thick lips, and flat turn-up nose, with huge exposed nostrils, under which the Athenian artists impersonated their ideal of Bacchanal enjoyment. As you are studying that meanly-robed, bare-footed figure, of robust health and rude physical enjoyment, you see him marking out his man, seizing him by the button, or the appendage that does duty for it, and learn, as the victim is addressed by name, that he is a rich tanner,* who has a reputation for ability on which he claims to be one of the leaders of his fellow-citizens. A ring forms of half-laughing, half-sulking spectators, curious to see how the aspiring candidate will fare in the little discussion into which they are sure he will be inveigled. A few homely questions, followed by as many answers, and the gentleman who felt competent to govern the State stands convicted of knowing nothing of the first elements of the science on which he fancied he was so well informed. There is consolation, however, for him under his defect, if he only knows how to apply it. The man who has unhorsed him has been declared the wisest of mankind by Apollo, and yet is no better than himself on the same subject—that is, knows no more than he, except for the circumstance that he knows his ignorance—knows that he knows nothing. The *flâneurs* laugh, turn on their heel; the vanquished disputant sneaks off with the assurance, "I can't say I like it;" and the philosopher, confiding himself to a friend or two who remain by his side, and who remind him that he has made another enemy, and can afford it, says, "Ay, and the advantage on his side, nothing; on that of the public, simply that the Athenians know what our great statesmen are made of."

And this suggestion of an added danger brings us to the inquiry, What really is the place which the great philosopher occupies in the love and hatred of the sovereign townsmen who hold in their hands the power of life and death over him? What are the feelings, what the opinions of the twenty thousand free citizens about him during this incubation in their midst of the most remarkable historical greatness men have ever been called upon to admire? The contrast is the humiliating one so often shown in the annals of every people, between the lot of the man of genius himself and of the honours accorded to his memory.

Yet for the Athenians there is an explanation which, if it does not diminish our regret, at all events takes away our surprise. While we see but the immortal genius great in thought, but still more illustrious in the consistency of action by which it was sustained, *they* saw little more than an eccentric old gentleman, poor, and of no great social or civic repute, who was meeting them daily at every point and corner of the city with ideas and recommendations opposed to their dearest instincts and oldest prejudices. We all live with our fellows under the pressure of the external. Their characters with us are chiefly things of outsides, save as tempered by scandal more or less characteristic, and it must be admitted as to the old philosopher, that both outsides and characteristic scandal were little in his favour.

The picturesque ugliness of his person was so far from being set off by any of the imposing advantages of costume, that in a city renowned for its fine gentlemen his dress attracted attention, and disgusted it by its homely meanness. It was the same in summer and winter, and the independence of his spirit had for it the further evidence furnished by the eccentric economy of his going about barefooted in all seasons. The gossip about his home was not all in his favour. He has some independent property, but it affords his family straitened means of living, and while doing nothing to increase it, he is too independent to receive the assistance offered by friends whom he has attached to him by his teachings and companionship. His wife is young; his three children young—one of them in arms. The mother's temper is at once the worst and the best known in Athens; and though the philosophic husband claims everywhere that it gives him an admirable aid to practise his superiority over the smaller ills of life, he practically shows how small a sense he has of the obligation by constantly living in public, and being never so little at home as when at home. Her brawling and vixen treatment of him have made him the laughing-stock of his fellow-citizens, and they remember, among other illustrations of her temper, that on one occasion when she had sequestered his homely clothing, he could only appear in the public places he loved to haunt by wrapping himself up in the hide of some animal.

The eccentric repute thus suggested is aided by the general knowledge that he claims to be accompanied by a protecting spirit he calls his demon, which, ever near, contents itself with notifying the fidelity of its attendance by warnings to him whenever there is danger. Discredited by some of the citizens, he gains little by the belief of the rest; for they say, "What means this reformer of his century, who, doubting our Jupiter and Minerva, believes in some heterodox little deity of his own?"

For the most part they have settled, to his disadvantage, the question of his claims as a public citizen. He has shared in two or three of his country's campaigns, risked himself in some of its battles—with some personal distinction, too, as to courage, for he obtained the prize of valour; and his two distinguished pupils, Xenophon and Alcibiades, are living to

attest that he risked his life to save theirs. But he had never been general, never in any prominent position as chief; and the ill-omen of defeat had come in to throw its cold shadow over his obscure heroism. In the civic contests of the little State he was still more unfortunate. He rarely agreed with the measures of his fellow-citizens, and would rather, it was suspected, see the administration of affairs, and especially of justice, confided to the enlightened few than to the ignorant many. He had shown, it is true, on two or three celebrated occasions, the honesty and fearlessness of his manhood by setting his duty over the dangers threatened him under the passionate impulses of the people, and the crafty policy of the thirty tyrants who had just been enslaving them; but it was remembered that one of the thirty he had thus heroically resisted had been his own pupil, Critias; that another pupil, Alcibiades, had dishonoured the religion and compromised the safety of his country; that he himself had chiefly shown his love of the Demos by the freedom of his censures; and that, despite the law of Solon against political indifference, he never meddled with politics when he could escape them.

His great glory with us—his position as a moral teacher—must have been a very equivocal one with them. They must have looked on him much as we do on one of our Sunday preachers in the parks. They were not obliged to recognize the full extent of the extraordinary genius concealed *inculto hoc sub corpore*. Vindicated only in conversational discussion, it was, after all, but an affair of impression or memory, and could remain little more than an uncertain quantity with the many. They never before had this open-air preaching about new views of society or morals forced upon them, whether they would or no, in whatever corner they happened to find themselves, by a shabby-looking eccentric man, who did nothing else, and whose suggestions were not those which harmonized with the opinions of the day, or the traditional teachings of their country's religion. It was easier to laugh at him with Aristophanes than admire him with Xenophon, when he explained or referred to such homely topics in natural or domestic science as the extraordinary buzz of the gnat, or extraordinary leap of the flea, compared with their size; the intermediate action of the clouds, rather than the immediate action of Jupiter, in giving rain, or causing thunder and lightning; the comfort of lying in a hammock, or suspended cradle; the useful lesson suggested by the fact that the wonderful State of Athens was only a point on the surface of the globe; and, finally, the advantage to everybody of his opening "a shop" where he could help the people to think, and to dress their minds with as much care as a stable-boy attends to his horses, or a sculptor shapes his marble. What recommendation to them was it that he had what they called the atheistic opinions which a man of genius must have formed even in that day on such subjects as the sky, the earth, and the things under the earth, in their relations to the mundane economy,* that he was ever and anon suggesting that the

* See the charges against him on his trial, and the imputations made on him in *The Clouds* of Aristophanes.

fables of the poets on gorgons, sphinxes, centaurs, hypogriffs, harpies, and other wonders of pagan mythology, had an easy and natural explanation? How must their opinions have tended when, worshipping the most vindictive of deities, as the protecting power of Athens, they heard him enlarge on the duties of humanity, brotherly forbearance, and mutual forgiveness?—when, respecting as the chief of gods the adulterous Jupiter, they found him enforcing respect for the rights of married life?—when sacrificing of their abundance to uphold the worship of Mercury—the thief *par excellence*—they heard Socrates enlarging on the baseness and cruelty of despoiling one's neighbour? Did the sage glance at politics, and they not divine that he condemned a system which appointed magistrates by lot, and made the most important national decisions depend on the sudden votes of excited crowds? Did he lecture on morals and they not see that the mutual kindness and mutual justice he was for ever preaching offered the most striking contrast to the qualities they were enduring in nearly every action of their lives? The truth is, there could be no such practical antithesis as that offered during the last years of his life by Socrates and the Athenian people. His whole intellectual and moral being was at war with theirs; in systematic revolt against their prejudices, against their opinions, against their belief, against their practices, against all their institutions, political, social, and religious, at the same time that it was his enforced mission—as he held it—to be everlastingly opening their eyes for them, and everlastingly revealing the immense gulf that stood beneath them and between them.

It is easy to see, under these circumstances, that whatever he said, or whatever he did, must have suggested to his hearers that he did not look on the phenomena of nature, or the attributes of the deities, or the action of the State, as they did, and that if he were not an atheist and seditious citizen—by secret principle at all events—it was difficult to discover the little link which kept him bound to the common faith and patriotism of his country. It was in vain that he offered sacrifices at home, and paid his devotions in the temples like the rest. It was to little purpose that he made large verbal concessions on the points of divination and the consulting of oracles. It was something for his peace, but not enough for his safety, that he abandoned in later years the teaching of natural philosophy, and notwithstanding the commandment of Solon, kept himself aloof from the public business of his country. It was remembered that he had been the friend and pupil of Aspasia, who, tried for atheism and irreligion, had barely escaped, and of Prodicus, who had been tried for the like offence and been condemned; that he had been the preceptor of Critias, their tyrant, and of Alcibiades, their worst traitor. Whatever he said, whatever he did, it was felt that his inner convictions did not go along with those of the rest of the world, and so far, despite the enthusiasm of his personal friends, he stood condemned in the general opinion of his fellow-citizens long before the Heliastic tribunal ordered him to drink the fatal poison.

Nor should it be forgotten that there was so little prudery in the morals of Socrates, and that as a practical moralist he was so little distinguishable from the fellow-citizens he sought to reform, that the stranger would probably have provoked ridicule who should have pointed him out as the founder of a new system of morals, and held him up as the man above all others who, in following it, exalted our common nature and showed best what it is capable of. It was known that during the brighter days of Athens he had spent much of his time with the enchantress whose easy morals and lax faith had brought her into the trouble we have just noticed, and whose charms of person and mind had enabled her to reign over the powerful genius who was so long the master of Greece. His customary society were young men of good family, sharing too commonly in the luxurious vices of the time; and a narrative left us by one of the most eager of his admirers almost warrants the belief that on one occasion he took no shame to spend the night, with the early hours of the morning, amid the revels of some of the wildest of the companions of Alcibiades, testing against them, in the course of his customary exertions, his success in resisting the power of their wine. To be only real is an element of personal happiness, but even in social affairs must often involve some cost of public influence. Socrates felt, no doubt, like Dr. Johnson on a like occasion, that he had neither right nor power to interfere with the entertainment of his hosts, and that while the young men could do him no harm, his presence could only be of use to them; but where exists a state of popular opinion in which the knowledge of such an incident would not have discredited among his fellow-citizens one who had no mission except to enforce on them the decencies and duties of social life?

It was, perhaps, small set-off to this account that the morals he taught were not more transcendental than the practice with which he thus illustrated them. There were none of those recommendations of extraordinary self-sacrifice which have since made men seek opportunities of laying down their lives for an abstract principle. There were no encouragements to an unexampled austerity of moral conduct, like that shown by the early recluses of Christianity. There was no urging men to an almost celestial exemption from earthly attachments and mundane enjoyments, like that so eloquently advocated by Thomas à Kempis and sought by the philosophers of Port Royal. Sum up the ten thousand sermons he must have given his fellow-citizens, and the total would amount to no more than that men are the work of a Divine Maker; and that, as they can only find their happiness in a reasonable use of all the gifts He has given them, they should avoid everything that breeds useless action or causes uneasy feeling, and look for the true end of their being in doing nothing but good to themselves and those about them.

The acknowledgment is to be added, to complete our explanation, that the long and busy mission of Socrates proved, after all, a failure, so far as it concerned his fellow-citizens. The months and later years that

preceded his death were a melancholy time both for him and Athens. He was living the survivor of his country's greatness, and about him was nothing that did not remind him of the double adversity. He had seen Athens in its day of highest glory and greatest power. His youth and early manhood were passed in the sunshine of her prosperity. The great age of Themistocles, with all its celebrity of peace and war, had shone on his cradle and early boyhood with the gentle and elevating influence of some brilliant sunrise; and as the ascent of Pericles, and of his surrounding glories, threw Attica into a noonday blaze of light, more dazzling in the proportion that it was less safe, the young philosopher entered on that scene of high studies and manly duties he was to quit only with his life. He had seen Phidias use his chisel on the immortal works of the Parthenon; might have banqueted again and again with the rival painters Zeuxis and Parrhasius; had heard Herodotus read his history to the Athenians; helped Euripides to write some of his immortal tragedies; and seen many a first night of the plays of Sophocles and Aristophanes. He had gossiped *belles lettres* with Aspasia, discussed statesmanship with Pericles, studied music with Cosenus, philosophy with Anaxagoras and Prodicus. He might have personally consulted Hippocrates; have furnished Thucydides materials for his history; and enjoyed again and again the conversation of a couple of score or more of celebrities whose aggregate brilliancy has not, perhaps, been rivalled in any later era of human greatness. But a change has come over the spirit of this glorious vision. All that is left of this brilliancy of genius and achievement remains with himself and the few disciples, such as Plato, Xenophon, Antisthenes, Aristippus, and Zeno, who are to perpetuate and extend his school of thought for the education of all future ages. The splendid power of Pericles had set in a sea of carnage and disaster; and a foreign conquest, an unexampled plague, and a tyranny upheld by foreign swords, had brought down to the dust the splendid queen of civilization and unrivalled mistress of the nations. It was true that the tyranny had in its turn been conquered; that the spirited little State had once again vindicated its freedom; and once again a sovereign was now pluming its eagle wings to reassert some of its old claims to Greek ascendancy. But everywhere around in the defences and monuments of the city, but, above all, in the morals of its inhabitants, were the signs that the victorious enemy had been there, and had left behind them the seeds of a sure national decay. No more depraved population had ever troubled themselves or their neighbours with their bad practices or worse principles than that which had emerged from this extraordinary series of successes and adversities. A last excess of general licentiousness, dating from the plague, had taken possession of men's minds; might was accepted as the test of right; oaths had lost their sanctity; there was no obligation that could bind men, except mutuality in some secret and terrible crime; secret revenge did the work of private malice or public justice, by new and terrible punishments; and Athens, like the other States of Greece, lay honeycombed by secret brotherhoods,

that made all the relations of kindred and all the ties of morals subordinate to obligations of membership that were enforced by unheard-of cruelties.*

The principle that made Socrates decline initiation in the Eleusinian mysteries probably kept him aloof from these secret organizations. He stood alone, therefore, among men who were not permitted to act except under concerted arrangements independent of their own volition; and if we would understand the full force of his courage, we have only to reflect that every foe his frankness made among the members of these secret societies commanded against him, probably, the hostility of the rest. They were the men, thus excited and organized, that brought Socrates to trial. The all-potent master of the weapons of rhetoric and logic had avenged, on the corrupt men who trafficked in the vices and weaknesses of their fellow-citizens, all the superiority of his genius and virtue; and, cut to the heart by rebukes that discredited their influence, they pursued him with all the malignity of natures that had been accustomed to look to the indulgence of their lowest instincts for the source of their pleasures. Strong, and numerous as they were strong, they chose the appropriate moment. The people, engaged in pleasures so far as they could command them, had no interest in his morals, and detested his politics. They knew all his stops, and, bored with his illustrations from homely life of truths they would have nothing to do with, were ready to do more than surrender their friend, to help to hunt him to the death. It was on this point that his three enemies—Melitus, backed by an organization of poets, Anytus, supported by an organization of government people, and Lycon, helped by an organization of rhetoricians or orators—brought him into court as a disloyal citizen and unbelieving worshipper.

The defence of Socrates—who must have known the ground he stood on—was a defiance and a despair. Foreseeing his doom, he welcomed it, and spoke for his honour, not his life. The secret societies were too much for him, the moral feeling of his countrymen not enough. The evil element he had been battling with all his life had conquered, and he surrendered with the wounded feeling but conscious honour of a beaten admiral of the fleet who gives up his sword. In his death, as in his life, "he marched with a victorious and triumphant pace, in pomp and at his ease, without opposition or disturbance." No suppliant voice left his lips: "That lofty virtue of his did not strike sail in the height of its glory."† But enough. As he wrapped his face in his robe, as the best gift his countrymen had for him began to do its work, we, who share their nature without being exempted, it may be, from their weaknesses, will withdraw our eyes from a survey which can only be continued under a sentiment of sorrow and humiliation.

* See the description which Thucydides gives of Greek manners in the narrative of the siege of Corcyra.

† MONTAIGNE.

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THE TWO FACES.

Margaret Denzil's History.

(Annotated by her Husband.)

CHAPTER XIX.

OUT OF THE WAY.



O tell how I came into those new and peaceful scenes must be my next business.

Madame Lamont's absence from home has been already explained. Charlotte having been declared whole, and her physicians having certified that there was no longer anything to be apprehended from infection in the house, madame had gone to select her scattered pupils, knowing that her personal assurances of safety for them would have far greater effect than the most eloquent declarations by post. But her success was not perfect. In more than one case parents had proved stiffnecked, and

guardians unbelieving: these were the parents and guardians of the new pupils, whose acquisition had made up to madame the money-loss consequent upon my becoming a governess in her establishment. The older pupils she had reclaimed with a single exception; and the morning after I fell sick a letter was received from her announcing that she was about to return home with three or four of the young ladies in her charge. She was to be expected next day.

Meanwhile, what had happened? Dr. Mitchell had succeeded in casting out seven devils, but they had returned with seven others worse than they. Charlotte's illness might have led to disastrous consequences in a school of growing girls, but mine was still more likely to do so; and yet here were they preparing to return to-morrow. What was to be done? It was almost too late to warn Madame Lamont, and indeed to

reverse her arrangements now, on the ground of a second case of fever, would have been ruin.

The only way out of the difficulty, not ruinous, was that I should leave the house before madame arrived with her pupils: the cause of my leaving to be kept secret by the servants. Whose suggestion was it, when Charlotte's malady appeared, that Dr. Mitchell might be induced to take me into his house to avoid infection? It was a good suggestion any way; and by a little stretch of courtesy the doctor might be equally disposed to harbour me for the sake of averting the chance of my becoming a cause of infection to others. He was consulted; he consented; for though there was great risk to me in being transported through three or four miles of November weather, the risk to the school if I remained was greater still. Every one must admit, indeed, that there is something far more formidable in the extinction of a whole establishment for young ladies than in the mere probability that one of them may die. Nor is that all. Other reasons are conceivable why Charlotte Lamont might have been very willing to have me out of the house—out of her presence; while for my part I was only too eager at the prospect of going away.

Before noon of that day, then, the arrangement was completed. They placed me, swathed in blankets, into a close carriage; and with Lisabeth and Mrs. Mitchell for nurses, and the doctor himself attendant on the coach-box, the journey was made in such state as flattered the poor patient, while it answered by anticipation any future charge of neglect or cruelty. But of cruelty there was none—only a little natural rashness. As for neglect, no human creature was ever more gentle, more forbearing, more unwearied in kindness than was that dear old Mrs. Mitchell. For her sake it is that I love black silk mittens, and think no ancient lady perfectly benevolent who does not wear them. From her I got the notion that to preserve down to old age the voice of youth, all you have to do is to speak softly always and never unkindly. Her house was like herself: a beautiful little old house that sat squat amongst its flower-beds and lawn green spaces as if hugging the ground—a low, long, rambling house of two stories and no more; with comely thatched roof, hoary but trim; and climbing-plants twined round the door-posts; a place where, in summer, the roses ran right up to the chimney-stack and embraced that too. The room given to me was low and broad, like the forehead of a good woman: it was square-windowed; and it was all bedimitted with white drapery, which had in it yet the breath of the grass where it had lain all night, to be bleached with the dews and the morning sun. Originally the bed had been hung with Lord Howe's Victory, in chintz—a marriage-present sent from Portsmouth by Mrs. Mitchell's father, who fought in that action; "and very fine I thought it," she said, "in our old-fashioned humble way; but still I could not think it right for a baby to open its eyes on all that pother of gunpowder, and smoke, and fire, and bloodshed; and so before my Robert was born, I took it all down. And yet he would go for a sailor, my dear, and was killed in action all the same."

Well I remember my first conscious waking in that room. It was a keen bright afternoon ; and as I lay, so snug and well cared for, looking out upon the frosty air, I felt as if fever was nothing but a luxurious bath, in which all weariness and vexation were done away. Above everything, I felt at peace. What had happened at Valley House seemed as far off as if I had died and gone to heaven ; and as the days passed, and I became worse, and as the days passed and I grew better, the distance between then and now increased. If I thought of Charlotte Lamont, it was almost with indifference ; if of Arthur Lamont, then I no longer fell into the dreams and agitations of another time. I had wearied of the hurly-burly, and I wanted to be at rest, and I was.

Not but that I felt exceeding pity when I remembered how confident, how glad, how thoroughly converted to work and hope he was, on that bright Sunday afternoon in the mead, and how, a few hours later, I found him utterly broken down before that remorseless madwoman, his sister. But it was *too much*. There was too little I could understand, too many concealments, too much confliction, as well as some reason for doubting whether Arthur Lamont was not what his own mother thought him—frivolous, insincere, a man ruled altogether by selfish impulses, and untruthful from the misgovernment of an unbalanced imagination. Not that I would permit myself to doubt, either ; and therefore it came to this—I never willingly thought of him at all. It was over. There was a rapid crisis, a rapid decline ; and my fever-bath of two months' duration softened out the marks which might otherwise have been left on me by the scenes and emotions of that one sad day.

My last serious time of it was when madame sent me a little present wrapped in a Russian newspaper ! There was no difficulty in understanding what this meant. Sending the newspaper to England was Mr. Lamont's way of acquainting us that he had carried out his original intention of banishing himself into the Russian service. He supposed I was still at Valley House, and would be there to see the paper, though it was directed to his mother ; and she, who had heard no more of his last visit than Charlotte chose to tell her, had sent it on to me in a manner which had the appearance of accident without being at all accidental. He was in Russia, then. His scholastic career was finished ; with its hundred guineas a year, table, suite of rooms, projects of travel, it had ended like the military academies he had built in the air. And why, indeed, should he continue the effort to live his laborious new life, which was to confound Charlotte, repay mamma for a mother's worst disappointments, and win me ? Me he had lost while I was yet a child, ranging the woods in a torn petticoat, or caged in academical bars and lady-like attire in Paris. Me he had lost : that is all I knew of it then ; or what should I have done ? Suppose I had known *how* he had lost me ! Suppose I had understood his despair at my window ! Suppose I had known all that the letter I have copied tells us, and therewith why he had declared himself false when he was not false ! It is useless to wonder what then, but I confess (and my husband

will forgive me, I hope) that I do verily think I would have sent after him; and I would have said this, or made him understand it: "Since it was my father whom you killed I cannot marry you of course; though I do not know whether he, who beholds us and knows everything now, would not see something blessed, and not cursed, in whatever atonement his daughter's affection might make for the wrongs he did you, and in your love for her some recompense for your haste in doing "justice" on an already repentant man. I, who never saw his face, think he would; but nevertheless I cannot marry you. But I can do this—marry nobody else. Let us go to your mother, and tell her all about it. She must forgive you; I forgive you; and if my father destroyed your sister's affections, I'll show that he has given you as good a sister in me." Now that would have been true poetical justice, to my mind; and I can fancy that when, after many years, he and I grew older than passion, and died, and went where there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage, we three might have made an easier account with Him who is to judge between us. But what do I say? Is it what we *do* only that is to be judged? Then have we little hope. It is not only what we do: the doing is nothing more than the hand that *does*; and I think we three shall stand together much the same as if that which did not happen did.*

But these are after-thoughts, bred of a knowledge unhappily denied me then. How little I did know, how much of wearying confusion and contradiction troubled my mind till I had no longer any mind for it at all, has been explained.

Madame came frequently to see me during my long convalescence, and even Charlotte came,—a strangely altered woman. "I hope, my dear," said madame to me one day in her daughter's presence, "your illness will not change you so much as it has changed Charlotte. She alarms me sometimes. I tell her we had got used to her abominable indifference—it was at least well-regulated and invariable; but now it is chequered by all sorts of fitful moods. A passing irritability, no doubt: but do not you give way to it, Margaret, if you wish to avoid being thought crazy." Our eyes met—Charlotte's and mine; and she could no more conceal a certain lurid mortification than I an unfortunately candid sympathy for what had occasioned it. Madame need not have called my attention to the change. I was present when it commenced; at a moment when her daughter seemed to die and come to life again.

Another visitor appeared one day—Mr. Denzil!

* My forgiveness is not of much importance, then; though for that matter I have nothing to forgive. It's all right, and I only wish I had headpiece enough to be reconciled to philosophy like this, which I understand too easily. My dear Margaret need not have written the above for *my* reading. I knew long ago that I am only an accidental sort of actor in these scenes; and if so be that all is to happen at the last day as we are told, I shall stand with my Torment apart from those three—Lamont, Margaret, and her father: they will have a place together, from which I shall be separated. And I think that's hard.—J. D.

All the while I was in danger he was content with frequent messages. When I was pronounced convalescent, the messages ceased and no more was heard from him. He was in great trouble still, he informed us, and his letters had a black seal. I supposed some dear friend of his was dead; though he had told me on one occasion that he had not a friend in the world.

And to speak the truth, no sooner did I find that he neglected me than I resented his indifference, with a shamefaced resentment. I began to ponder whether he had any reserves in writing that letter—whether the true reason for his resolving to have done with me was that I had offended him at Brighton. If so, so much the worse; for, after all, he had been my only real friend, and though it was very easy to scribble him out of my thoughts as I had done during these cogitations about Mr. Lamont, it certainly was not a generous way of dealing with one who had given me everything, and who was only the less considered because he had asked for nothing in return—not even the obedience he would have exacted from a daughter. Now that I was stranded high above the distracting currents which had almost wrecked my existence, I could see clearer how diffident his kindness had always been—so diffident that it scarcely made itself manifest; and this is exactly the kindness which appeared to me, in the reactionary calmness of my mind, the best of all. It was like Mrs. Mitchell's and the doctor's; only in their case it was not so purely disinterested.

I wished he had not given me up completely. The independence I had once thanked him for looked very much like that which one gains by being set ashore on a lonely island. He had said, indeed, he hoped I should take no important step without consulting him; "but then" (I thought) "he must surely know for himself that I need some counsel by this time." For I had so far recovered as to be freed from all supervision by nurse and doctor, and Madame Lamont was perfectly aware of it, and yet she had nothing to say about my return to Valley House. Should I go back? *Must* I go back? And how could I voluntarily explain to Mr. Denzil why I wished not to do so?

In this state of affairs an idea occurred to me: could I not get myself transferred to some school in Germany, there to finish my governess training? and was not that a suggestion that could be made to Mr. Denzil without going for reasons beyond the ordinary advantages of such a course? Pleased with the idea, I was employed in rehearsing what I should write to him when Mr. Denzil appeared.

Two things were clear at the first glance: he had been to Madame Lamont's before coming to me, and he was very much excited. Indeed, I thought he was angry for a moment, his greeting was so abrupt and commonplace; but I soon saw that it was a prolonged and fretful anxiety which hardened the lines of his face, and that this anxiety was now wound-up to breaking-point.

Therefore I tried to overlook it, resolving to hide none of the pleasure

I had in seeing him again. Innocent of what was passing in his mind, I took both his great hands, and swung them together, saying I could see he was disappointed at my getting well in spite of his caring nothing at all about me; but the fact was, I hadn't got *quite* well till that moment, "and so I do not mind telling you." "And I wish I could believe it," said he. "But you do not?" I answered; "then no more secrets of mine shall be told to an unbeliever." Upon that he looked at me much as he must have gazed at the ships that sailed in and out of vision, once upon a time, when he lay castaway at sea in a boat.

"Well," said he, "that won't do either, Margaret; for you must know I have come to see whether we can't make an exchange of secrets, or whether you cannot confide in me at any rate. Silence is all very well, but there's no use in holding one's tongue for ever, or till it's too late. Come and sit down and tell me."

"What am I to tell you, sir?"

"Whatever you might wish to say if I were your father. As it is, I suppose I have not much right to ask questions, but I am sure you are not happy, and——"

"But indeed I am!" said I, answering his look by one equally frank.

"I've been to Valley House, you know, and learned the secret of this illness of yours: at least I think so. But if not, my dear——I would not distress you without reason, for the world; but can't you tell me whether you wish that man Lamont back, or not? Do you?"

"No, sir."

"You do not want to see him any more!"

"I'm sorry—I'm sure I am very sorry, but I do not wish to see him any more. I want to go away from this place altogether, and forget it. If Charlotte Lamont has told you anything——"

"Everything, I believe—that is to say, all about her brother's persecution of you."

"Pray do not think any the worse of me, and do not blame him too much either. It is all a sad, foolish muddle, and I am so glad it has ended you do not know!"

"I know how glad I am!" said he, and began to walk up and down the room. "But it will never do!—it will never do!"

Of course I discerned what I was to understand by that: it would never do to leave me to the wiles of needy or adventurous spirits, or to be made the sport of my own untutored affections. What else it meant I was to learn presently.

"Margaret," said he, resuming his seat, "you have not asked what *my* troubles have been!"

"No, but you will tell me."

"Yes, I'll tell you—by-and-by. But first let me inquire what your plans are for the future. Do you propose to go back to Madame Lamont's?"

"I do not wish it."

"That's right. But what then?"

"Well, if you had not given me up so completely, I should have asked you whether you could not help me to find some place in Germany where I might continue to teach little girls and learn to teach big ones. It is commonly done, isn't it?"

"I dare say, and a pretty business commonly comes of it. We have had enough of *one* foreigner. Do you know how handsome you are? Well, you need not be angry, Margaret. I'm not a boy to make stupid compliments, and I don't care whether you are handsome or not. But I know this—you shan't go to Germany with my consent, to be hustled for by a pack of mustachioed, shirt-collar gentry, who'd ask you to black their boots in a fortnight, if they happened to have any boots to black!"

"But what am I to do, sir?"

"Ah!" said he, looking down, "that is another thing. However, I won't go back without my errand, Margaret, and so I say, Stay with me!"

"With *you*, Mr. Denzil?"

"Yes, my dear, with me! I must take my chance of surprising you with such a proposition—perhaps you have heard enough already. But what is to be done? Listen. You don't know what the world is to a friendless young woman. I know what it is to a friendless man—that!" (snapping his fingers) "if you happen to be a philosopher, a treadmill if you ain't. I ain't; and I am sick of it, as you will be before your time, if you are bent on going abroad after your plan—which is pretty much like setting out on a whaling voyage in a Thames yacht. Don't you do it, my dear. Stay with me."

Here he stretched his arms across the table and took hold of my hands; upon which I immediately made a fancy-picture of him grasping the rudder-wheel of the Thames yacht in a stormy north sea.

"Don't look at me," he continued, as I averted my face this way and that, "look out of window while I say thus much. When I met you in the forest, I said to myself, 'I shall never have a daughter of my own—it is not likely, fond as I am of little girls. But here's one that God Almighty has sent, and I won't lose my chance of her. She shall go to school, and when she has learnt the piano and all that, I'll have her home if she'll come; and if she does not love me it shan't be my fault.' I had a wife then, Margaret."

Now I declare that up to that moment I had never even speculated as to whether he had one or not. Of course, this sounds very absurd, but consider in what an out-of-the-world way I had been bred. Besides, a vague idea possessed me that sailors never did have wives.

"I had a wife then," he repeated, "and I'll say nothing about her—because she's dead."

"That is your trouble then? I'm so sorry!"

"Yes, that is my trouble—partly. But hers was an unhappy life, and so was mine. She liked me so much that she hated me for every dog I took a fancy to; and too much of that—more of it day after day,

and year after year—it was very miserable. I soon found I dare not say a word about *you*; and lately—well, it's over now, and I hope to my heart the poor crazy woman's happy at last. All this happened soon after I saw you at Brighton; and here I am without a relation or a friend in the world. Well, that is your case too; and I think—you know what I think. Consider the position of both of us. Now, for you to go into the world as a governess, and for me to go to sea again for want of something to do, something to live for—what do you say?"

I said nothing.

"Of course there are objections. In the first place, I am old enough to be your father, though not quite forty yet, you know; and then you can't like my coming down here before my first suit of black is worn out to talk about marrying again. But you see how it is—now or never! This bother about Lamont, and your illness, and the difficulty of knowing how to turn, and the bad chances a friendless girl like you has in going out governing she cannot choose where; and—in fact, I'm afraid of losing you in some miserable way or other if I do not speak now: that's the whole truth! I don't ask you to marry me next week—six months, twelve months hence if you please. Say you'll think of it! You'll never find a kinder husband, Margaret, that I am sure of. You'll be safe with me at least, my dear!"

This was not the courtship of my dreams; but it was offered when I was tired of romance, suspicious of sentiment, sober at heart, and very conscious of my helplessness. To be safe! And he had been so constant and so unceasing in his kindness, and he spoke now in what seemed so earnest and manly a way, and there is something so responsible, to a young girl's mind, in rejecting the preference of an experienced, steadfast man—I could not choose but "think of it."

"You will, won't you?" said he. And I said, "Yes, if you'll go away directly, now."

So he released my hands, and I hid my face with them: before I took them down again, my resolution was made. The question was sudden; the answer was as rapid. I did not argue the matter—I scarcely pondered it. It was as if something wiser than myself told me I should marry my kind guardian, and be *safe*.

[*Note*.—I can answer for it with a clear conscience, that if I did not say precisely what Margaret now puts into my mouth (about which I have no recollection), it is exactly what I felt. Above everything, I thought of her dangers; and I declare that if Lamont had been another sort of man, I should have done my very best to bring them together immediately, after what occurred at Brighton. See my previous note about that, where I explain how Lamont's appearance there, and his falling in love with Margaret, and the strange change the consciousness of his love (as I suppose I must call it) made in her, opened my eyes to my own jealous affection for the child; and not only that, but to more bitterness against my

own ill-luck at home than I ever thought would trouble me. Sin or no sin, I began to wish to my heart Fate had given me a chance of such a home as Margaret could make for a man, instead of the baracoon I lived in at Teddington ; and I was all the more savage at thinking that but for the wrong-headedness of my Torment, she as well as myself might have been blessed with the pleasure of having a good girl at home to look up to us and take care of. But at *that* time I had no more notion of Margaret's ever being my wife than of asking the Empress of Russia to run away with me, though she was a handsome woman, too. It was my Torment herself who first put the idea into my head, when I suspected she had followed me to Brighton, that she had watched me, and that I was indebted to her in some way for the return of "the rest of the charmin' bookay" I had bought for Margaret and thrown into the street. And when I imagined what she would say and do if she discovered I had been keeping my ward secret all these years—and especially if she saw what a beautiful girl Margaret had grown—I was very far from being comfortable. The anonymous note sent with the flowers showed exactly the sort of temper I had to fear; and more than all, I was warned long ago of her crazy belief that she would soon die, and that then I should have "a fine new miss for a wife," and a son to take her own poor boy's inheritance. Why, here was "the fine new miss," just as she had prophesied years before! Yes, by the time I got into town on that occasion, I saw clearly that I might bring endless misery on my little girl and on myself if I was not careful—or rather, if I did not give her up altogether. Of course I was brought to this unwelcome view of the case by the belief that my wife *had* followed me to Brighton; and that if I was lucky, I should have the pleasure of beholding her step out of the train at London Bridge terminus. But as we rattled along, I said to myself, "Well, whether it be so or not, I see the danger now, and will run no more risks, for everybody's sake." How I kept the resolution, Margaret has herself been kind enough to show, in that letter of mine sent to her two days afterwards.

That my wife's good-natured reception entirely removed my suspicions about her I have said before. The fact is, it *was* her figure that I recognized in the railway-carriage; but of course, being a woman, she contrived to get out of the station and home before I could, and found no difficulty in coming down to meet me, five minutes afterwards, in a cool home-keeping sort of dress, without a sign of having gone out of the regular course of life for an hour. There was the half-emptied cup of tea which she usually took about four o'clock of an afternoon (it being now long past that time), and her work-basket nicely disordered alongside of it. What is more, a very good dinner was prepared for herself and me. "I can't tell how it was, my dear," she said, "but I quite expected you home to dinner to-day. Wasn't it good of me?" How *this* was managed, I am ignorant still; but I know it perfectly convinced me I had been mistaken.

A great relief, this—"a lesson" I called it, and somehow began to take my wife's side of the question directly. "Suppose *I* was a woman," I said to myself as I ate my dinner opposite my Torment, who looked so ignorant and so unusually amiable—"and found myself getting old and rather ugly perhaps; and suppose I'd lost my only child and couldn't hope for any more; and then suppose I found that my husband, who was ever so much younger than myself, was spending his money and pretty well all his care in the education of a pretty young girl hidden somewhere in the country? Why, I should not like it a bit! It does not *seem* right, however good a thing it may be to do under the circumstances; and I've no business to be sowing a crop of worrying suspicions in anybody's mind. Besides, it is a misfortune more than a fault to have such a porcupine of a temper as she has got, with as many quills shooting inside as out; and it isn't a man's part to aggravate the misfortune. And then how pleasant she can be if she tries! Perhaps she is *going* to try! If so, by Jove I'll help her as much as I can, once more." That is the way I talked to myself, till at last, when she said something with another "my dear," I answered with a "my dear" too; and felt quite good and comfortable about it.

So we went on all dinner-time; but as for this state of things *lasting*, I ought to have known better than to have dreamt of it. I did begin to doubt, when, having got my cheroot alight, she came and stood by the mantelpiece to talk to me.

"And how did you find your friend the ocean?" she said, for I must confess my going to Brighton was under pretence of having a day or two near the sea for old time's sake.

"All right," said I. "There it is, the same as ever."

"It must be very fascinating to some men. Wasn't you tempted to take ship and go off again?"

"Not at all. I have had enough of shipboard life."

"But not to run away from an ugly old thing like me?"

Says I, trying to keep up the lively tone of the conversation, "There ought to be an Act of Parliament to prevent any woman calling herself old or ugly."

"Is that exactly what you mean, though? Don't you mean that there ought to be an Act of Parliament to prevent our *being* old and ugly?"

"Well, if we knew how to manage the difficulty, why then—with pleasure!"

"You might have us knocked on the head at forty—that would do it!"

"Of course!"

"And then there are always plenty of charming young girls growing up to replace us, you know!"

"Beg your pardon. I know nothing about it."

"Don't you?" said she, laughing and shaking her head quite playfully; "then take my word for it, dear!"

Now what was the meaning of this? It could not be that she had learned anything precise about Margaret; for it was not in her nature to be calm and agreeable immediately after finding me out, I felt sure. And yet, that bonnet in the train! I puzzled, and puzzled, and hoped I did not look confused (though of course I did), and finally began to feel angry and desperate.

My belief now is that it was exactly my Torment's motive to make me so. Her aim was not to conceal her discovery altogether, but to keep me constantly harassed with doubts about it—one day convincing me that she could not have been in Brighton while I was there, and next day dropping some observation, in a quiet way, that showed more knowledge than could have been obtained by watching me in that town. For instance, I got up one morning to find my favourite hound, Mog, christened Forestina! "Don't call the animal by that ridiculous name," says I. "Why not?" says she, looking me full in the face with a cheerful smile. "I thought it was a pretty, appropriate name for her! Besides, Mog's a Christian name, and should not be given to dogs: it's vulgar for Margaret, you know!"

Of course I had nothing to say after that, and it was only one of many things that came up from time to time in such a way that I was always in a fever. Forestina! Margaret! Where could she have learned anything about the forest? And the worst of it was that while it was impossible to take notice of these alarming innuendoes (fine sport for her!), my Torment behaved with such extraordinary civility between-whiles that I had no excuse for sulking; and consequently was always open to some new blow, more surprising and stunning than the last. What did it all mean? What was she driving at? What scheme was afoot? "Plague take the woman!" I cried out one day; "I wish she was in heaven!"

I happened to be smoking at an open window near the ground when this exclamation was bothered out of me, and she happened to be training sweet-peas on a trellis below. "Thank you, John!" says she, looking up with a deathly face. "I thought as much. But if I'm to be got out of the way, perhaps you'll kindly let me arrange it my own fashion!"

This was a little too serious to stand quietly. As soon as I could take my eyes off her, which was not easy, considering how she looked up at me, I told her to wait there, and I would come and talk to her.

We went down the garden to the river side, and, "Now," said I, "what do you mean by being got out of the way?"

"Being murdered," she answered, coolly.

"And who's to murder you?"

"You, when your mind's *quite* made up, and your beauty is ready to marry you."

"Are you going mad?"

"Not yet; and you shall not persuade me that I am. It would be

very convenient, no doubt; for I know all about your Forestina, and when you bought her, and who sold her, and what you paid for her, and how you have been breeding her up to spend my money like a lady when I'm out of the way. This is your wild-flower, whom you had the audacity to propose to bring under my roof, isn't it? And now she is grown up, you wish I was in heaven! Well, I'll go! Don't trouble yourself to play tricks with a wretched old woman like me. I'll manage to let you have your own way without that, if you'll give me a little time; and then—God bless you and her too!"

As soon as she had finished this speech, she turned and went back to the house before I had time to collect my senses. I followed her as rapidly as I could, but she had locked herself in her room. Fearful of what she might do in such a mad state of mind, I did not hesitate to burst in the door, since I found she would neither open nor answer to my knocking. I might have spared myself the pains. She only laughed as, popping my head in at the door, I discovered her quietly sitting at her dressing-table with her back toward me. Nodding at the reflection of my frightened face in the glass, she said, "There's no hurry for a few days, is there? Don't expect me to keep my word immediately!"

And then the maids came running up at the sound of the door being burst, and one of them—my Torment's confidant—begged me not to hurt her mistress!—another pretty thing. I called this woman into the study afterwards, and told her plainly that she had better keep a sharp watch on Mrs. Denzil, for I was rather afraid her mind was disturbed. "Yes sir! I dessay, sir!" says she, dropping an impudent curtsy. "And perhaps you know the reasons, poor thing!" Altogether, I had a very pleasant day of it.

Next morning, however, my wife came down to breakfast as civil as if nothing had happened. Civil! she was penitent, and yet I did not doubt she was sincere. In fact, I was so satisfied of her sorrow for what she had said yesterday, that I ventured on a mild rebuke, pointing out to her the serious unkindness of her goings on. I had it all my own way. She hung her head over her coffee, twiddled her spoon in a great state of distress, and finally, when I came to the end of my oration, began to cry. Now this is capital, thought I, and commenced again. However, she had heard enough. "Don't!" said she; "I haven't listened to half you have been talking, I am so vexed. Besides, I have made up my mind what to do—I'll go home!"

"To Bermuda?"

"Yes, to Bermuda. This country has always been hateful to me, as you well know. Nobody could be good-tempered in such a climate. If I stop, there'll be mischief done, I am sure. Let me go, John, and then you'll have no more trouble with me; though, as for that, I am determined I will go!"

"Well," says I, "if you *will*, there's an end of it!" and I don't pretend I was sorry to hear of her resolution. I wasn't; for I was afraid of her.

Would I be kind enough to see about her passage? As for money, that need not trouble me. She would take four or five hundred pounds, which would probably last as long as she had to live; or if not, why I could easily send more to her sister's, with whom she meant to live. As for the rest of the money, she did not care what became of it.

I declined to see about her passage, or to have anything to do with the business, suspecting that my consent might be turned against me at a future time. "If you go, please make your own arrangements. I won't ask you to stay—I'll never say no, if you like to come back; but I'll have no hand in your going, depend on it."

Accordingly, she did make her own arrangements, as rapidly as if she was afraid her resolution would fail her. A berth was engaged in one of the regular packets, as I ascertained not only from a receipt for the passage-money that I saw lying about, but from inquiry at the offices in town; and in three days she was ready to start.

"Won't you see me to the packet?" she asked.

"No," said I, "I won't! I don't forget what you said about my wanting to get rid of you, and I should like to have it perfectly clear to everybody that you leave my house of your own free-will."

Off she went, with her servant; and for the rest of the day I was more miserable than ever. She was no sooner gone than I felt, first, that I might have been kinder to her, and next a disagreeable sensation that I had been outwitted in some way which I hadn't fathomed yet. It was this feeling that made me telegraph to one of the officers of the company at Southampton, asking whether Mrs. Denzil had arrived safely. "Yes," was the answer. "Arrived safely; saw her on board myself; sailed this morning." Then I was more satisfied.

"And now," said I to myself, "I'll settle about Margaret Forster—never under any circumstances to see her again for her own sake. There are those little notes she has sent me from time to time; they are innocent enough, heaven knows, but I'll burn them!" So I went to the drawer in my secretary where I had laid them up in lavender, and they were gone! The lock had been picked—no notes were there!

Now, I did not half like the look of that—for what possible reason could induce any one to take away a half-dozen school-girl's letters, with nothing in them but accounts of how her lessons were going on, I couldn't divine. But a more awful surprise was to come yet.

Three days after the packet in which my wife took passage had sailed, there came a letter addressed in the same hand which had scrawled the message left for me at the door of the hotel at Brighton. In it was a note in my wife's own writing and dated the previous day!—and this was how it ran:—

"By the time you get this I shall have kept my word; and I think you will say I have managed nicely. I'm sure you could not have got rid of me so well yourself, and as I am quite as ready to go to heaven as

you could wish, it is just as well that you should be saved any more trouble on my account after I am gone! You can take as much on your conscience as you like now—(a good deal, I should say)—and yet there is no occasion for you to be hanged. Is not that nice? First go to Southampton, and ask what sort of a person Mrs. Denzil was who sailed in the *Hannibal*, and you'll find it was a fair lady younger than me—a different person altogether, in fact—an obliging poor person, who has proved a good friend of mine. She's got my clothes for her trouble. I've got hers, which are quite good enough to drown oneself in. Inquire at the police stations near Waterloo Bridge to-morrow or next day; or perhaps you had better not inquire, but look at the bills they placard outside, and you'll see something about a woman, dark complexion, age about ninety (I daresay), with a straw bonnet and blue ribbons, a brown alpaca gown, black moreen petticoat, and side-lace boots. That's me. Don't fret, and don't do anything to make people think you drove me to commit suicide. There's no good in making a town talk. All you've got to do is, be quiet, and no one need know anything about it. I'm gone to Bermuda. And when that person I spoke of arrives, she'll post you a letter, as if from my sister, saying I died from exhaustion after the voyage. This you can show to anybody interested in my death, if necessary, and so you will be all right. But if you make a fuss at the police station the truth may leak out; there'll be a fine to-do about my going abroad by deputy, and you don't know what may happen. Good-by; try and be happy. I shan't grudge you that when I'm gone, for I've been a great plague to you, I know."

I suppose I need not describe my state of mind when I read this letter; it was something as near going crazy as I have ever experienced. What right she had to revenge herself in this horrible way, by fastening her death on me who never meant her harm, I could not understand. It was too bad! I couldn't and wouldn't take the responsibility of it, and was almost as mad against her as grieved about her.

But was it a trick? Of course that was possible. Accordingly, I made my way to town without loss of time; and, arrived there, prowled from one police station to another, till at last, in Smithfield, I saw the placard! It was now quite dark, the rain was falling, and in the miserable lamplight and drizzle I read: "Found drowned in Barking Creek, an elderly female," and so on. Bonnet, gown, boots, petticoat—just as she had described them.

Sick at heart, I turned in at the London Coffee-house on Ludgate Hill, to consider what I should do. What I ought to have done is plain: I ought to have gone back to the station and inquired openly about the matter. But I hesitated to do that—went to Barking early the next morning, asked the boatmen about "a woman found drowned the other day" with as much caution as if I had really murdered her, and learned that she was already buried! Again I weighed *pros* and *cons*. What she had

said about making a fuss told very strongly on my mind; it did not appear to me that I could really mend the disaster in any way, and so I resolved to leave it as I found it.

All this occurred about a month after the unlucky Brighton trip—that is to say, in September. It was just then that I was consulted about Margaret's going away from Valley House to avoid taking the fever Miss Lamont had got: and now I have explained why I would have nothing to say in the matter. With such an ugly little tragedy weighing on my mind, I was more than ever afraid to interfere about Margaret; and when, along with Madame Lamont's reply to my answer, Margaret's note came, in which she said how glad she should be if she could "turn my trouble into happiness, in requital for my generosity to her," I was immensely struck by the coincidence, of course, but I declare I was not at all delighted. She little knew, poor girl, what an awful tempting meaning there was in her innocent expression of gratitude. But the devil had a hand in this business from the beginning.

This was in September; Margaret herself fell ill in November; by which time I began to feel it rather hard that because of a downright mad piece of revenge I should hesitate to go and see my dear little girl. *She* wasn't to blame—I wasn't to blame; and yet there was the danger of seeming to justify my Torment's cruel and insane behaviour. However, I will not deny that week after week I cared less about it; and then I began to argue as to what earthly good would be served by abandoning Margaret to a fate as miserable as mine had been; and so it went on till I got defiant, went down to Madame Lamont's, heard a one-sided story which made me desperately anxious about Margaret, took a sudden resolution as I walked from Valley House to Dr. Mitchell's, and proposed to Margaret just as she has described. Why shouldn't I? Why shouldn't she marry me, if it would make her happy and me too?

Well, I know what'll be said—that this is only *my* version of the story. I can't help it. My conscience is clear, and I don't care so far. What I do blame myself for, is for being a *fool*. However, we shall see about that, by-and-by; and at least I had one year of such happiness that it seems now to have lasted about half my life.—J. D.]

CHAPTER XX.

I AM MARRIED.

It is a common experience, I suppose, to find the most important events of one's life—those which appear to depend altogether upon choice—settled for us, somehow, by impulses which have all the force of deliberate reason, and no deliberation or reason in them at all. Now, I had never conceived of Mr. Denzil as a husband till that evening; yet I felt sure I should accept him as soon as he spoke; and so I did.

He returned when it was nearly dark from what I daresay was a very meditative and anxious stroll, called me to the door, and simply said, "I must get back to Weymouth, Margaret. Shall I stay there for a little while?" "If you please," said I. "And may I come back again to-morrow, and have a talk with Mrs. Mitchell?" "If you please," I repeated; and that was all the answer I gave him. I tried to believe, indeed, when I was alone again, and fell into trepidation at the inevitable image of myself in a bridal dress, that my answer ought to be taken for nothing, or might easily be recalled. But when Mr. Denzil came the next day, *he* seemed to have accepted it as complete; and never another syllable of such declarations as lovers ask and give passed between us. They were scarcely in the nature of such an affection as *he* had for me and as I had for him. He established me at Mrs. Mitchell's, established himself at Weymouth, and I verily believe spent all his time in considering how mine might pass most pleasantly. For his own part, he looked handsomer, younger, brighter, every day. He was like a man who comes home to renew his earlier cheerfulness and vigour, after years of travail and privation in some remote, inclement land. At last I began to feel not a little proud of him; though at the bottom of my heart I had already found a better gift for his acceptance—a confident, grateful, quiet love. An affection without rapture, but not without repose—perfect content, perfect faith that, surrounded by his care, I should be kept safe and warm in the midst of a cold and dangerous world—this was what made me welcome him more heartily every time he came to see me. A side window in my room looked down into the road; a mile or so upon the road there was a hill; and whenever I saw a certain hat appear above the top of this incline, I knew that under it there was sure to be some honest thoughts and some new project of pleasure for me. Well, there was a great deal in that; and all handsome boys should learn that a girl in her teens must at least be flattered by the devotion of a man of forty. There is a homage in it which crowns her like a real queen, and not like a Queen of the May.

I wonder how many girls marry as I married, and how few are disappointed? As for me, I am ignorant. I can only imagine how Virginia loved Paul: Psyche's rapt happiness when Cupid came a-wooing I have had glimpses of—glimpses of natural insight, but of experience none. There was a time, you know, when I climbed like other little maids from the valley of childhood up to the hill-top, whence the promised land of love appears: "all the land of Gilead unto Dan, and all the land of Judah unto the utmost sea; and the south, and the plains of the city of Jericho, the city of palm-trees, unto Zoar." Like the prophet, I saw it with mine eyes, but it was not for me to go over thither—not into *that* land of love. Is this ill or well? It must be very sweet to be Psyche for a while—to join hands with some young David—(he leaves his father's asses, he passes amongst all the other girls, and hastens to me),—and go down with him, a slayer of giants, beautiful, faithful, jealous, to live with

him in his vineyards and in his city of palm-trees. *Now* my heart is empty and heavy as an Egyptian stone-grave, but what of that? I know this must be as rapturous as if there were only one world, and one flower in it; and the sun burned for it alone; and its leaves being all grown, a hundred buds begin to quicken in innocent half-conscious wonder at themselves; till at last they burst into bloom, and look upon their lord with a hundred eyes of love, acknowledging him. But the sun shines not always; and if David happen to become over-busy with his own asses by-and-by, or fall to loving Bathsheba, then am I not so happy as Margaret Denzil was, who married without romance, and whose husband was more like a dear, good, kind friend, than a lover, from the first day to the last.

One of the peculiarities of my fortune was that I was ignorant of my birthday. No birthdays were ever kept for me at home in the forest, none at my French school; but knowing that other girls were blessed with such a distinction, and being informed that I *must* have a birthday, I asked my mother about it one vacation. She answered, the 31st of April. Perfectly satisfied, I resolved to save my few poor sous of pocket-money, and have a feast like my schoolfellows. I did save my money, through many sore temptations, compensated only by the pleasant pastime of forming plans to spend it on the great occasion; but not till the middle of April did I say anything to my schoolfellows about their prospects of a treat, for fear of being thought too conceited of my birthday honours. At length I announced the 31st as my *jour de naissance*, and a feast accordingly. A scream of laughter followed. "Yes, the 31st. We believe it; it is no day at all!" The rage and mortification of the untameable little Margaret of that time were such as I am ashamed of—though I could cry for pity of her too. However, I never asked about my birthday again; but finding a certain inconvenience in having none to own to, I adopted one for myself: the 1st of August.

On the 1st of August I was married. Till that time I remained with Mrs. Mitchell—up to the last month, when she accompanied me to make holiday in the Isle of Wight while Mr. Denzil went to town to prepare a new home for me. All this time I regarded myself as a lazy, too-much-considered sultana. I was ashamed when I measured what I was by what was thought of me. I was afraid when I viewed myself in the glass, and said, "*You* to be a wife? you to be dealt with as if you were a great prize, a blessing, the light or the darkness of a man's hearth, his whole hope, his whole reliance?" I was answered by nothing but a certain comeliness, of which I knew the true value, whatever he might think: and I say I was afraid. "He'll soon find me out. He supposes me very wonderful and precious, and I wish he didn't, for I am sure I am not to be set on a pedestal without an ultimate certainty of being taken down again. What is a woman more than a man, I wonder, that he should treat her as if she were less human than divine? He is very silly!" And so would many other women say, I think, if they chose to speak their honest

thought: that those are the best and happiest wives who acknowledge it to themselves, I am sure.

Godshill is a pretty village in the Isle of Wight; they call it by that name, perhaps, because of its church, which stands upon a knoll—a God's hill. There I was married: I and my husband both in a melancholy mood. A quiet wedding—like a marriage of a couple of field-mice, shy and dumb. Then we went to the Sandrock Hotel, where I found the charmingest little room to have my cry in; and then we met again and tried to dine as if nothing had happened. We were unattended, but for that very reason, perhaps, the effort on my part was totally unsuccessful. The end of it was that my husband came round to where I sat, lifted me, chair and all, carried me to a place beside him, and went on with his dinner as well as he could, considering that he had that hand of mine with the ring on it tucked under his arm.

But these are reminiscences scarcely to be told. What can be said of them? One after the other the days passed by, and all were alike. So even was their happiness that I can hardly distinguish now between those that were spent on the waters of the Mediterranean, and those on its shores, and those in my own home—of which I took possession with such pride in its perfect homeliness. My heart is good to dwell upon a period of my life when I had nothing to pray for save to be kept grateful for my good fortune and made more worthy of it; but he whose path lies along "the cool sequestered vale," what has he to say of his travels? You, my dear husband—I must call you so still sometimes—have suffered enough by me and through me since those days: take once more my thanks for their calm content. If we did not know how insecure they were and how soon they were to be ended, so much the better. There is nothing new in such a lot—nothing strange in the spectacle of Evil mounting to the highest pinnacles of life with Good, and toppling Good over into the abyss.

Certainly it was my case. My supremest moment of joy was the last of its kind, and the first of others very different that have lasted to this day. Do you know it? There is a little cot by my bedside,—the baby is mine! I am to rise and take baby in my arms, and go into the world again. "And now let me see what a mother is like?" I say, and go to my glass; and there appears a vision which it would have been well for you, dear husband, if I had never seen. Better still, if you had never—never seen me.

Blind Workers and Blind Helpers.

FORTY-THREE years ago a man named Wilson, blind from his infancy, wrote an autobiography. He also collected accounts of the lives of fifty-four blind men and women, all of whom had attained some degree of eminence. Among them we find stories of poets, musicians, professors, and teachers; kings, tailors, and clergymen; mathematicians and mechanics; engineers, booksellers, and bell-ringers. And the one strong bond of interest uniting all is, that they did not simply endure the greatest known privation with cheerfulness—surely not a small thing in itself—but they lived useful and honourable lives, and were able to become the benefactors of others.

How difficult it is to realize all that is implied in the words "born blind," "blind from infancy!" Imagine a man travelling into a country where the inhabitants possess an additional sense. He knows nothing about it in himself, and finds it difficult to realize what it can be in others, or what can be the nature of the impressions conveyed through the organ which is its medium. We may suppose him to find that, by means of it, those around him know all that is passing in any place, however distant; know every movement and every word of the absent, and communicate with them as freely as with a friend in the same room. They tell him that as he turns his eyes to look at his little daughter while she sits in her chair at work, so they seek and find the child who is separated by thousands of miles of sea and land. Now the effect of this is, that the man finds himself dwarfed of his true proportions; there is then something belonging to man as man of which he has been deprived; and his position may justly be compared to that which the blind occupy with regard to the sighted. Let us try to find out how our traveller would be treated by his more gifted fellow-men.

No doubt the compassion excited in every generous heart would exaggerate his deprivation. It would seem as if everything must be done for him; for how could a man be trusted to conduct his own affairs who could not tell from what distant quarter danger might assail him? And so mere pity and compassion and condolence would gradually incapacitate him; he would think it impossible to help himself, and would submit to guiding-strings for the rest of his life. If we imagine some of the inhabitants of the country reduced by accident or illness to the same condition as the traveller, an appeal to the charitable made in their favour, and a magnificent "asylum" or "institution" reared, in which they may spend the remainder of their lives, attendants whose duty it is to explain to them everything that is going on at a distance, and sympathizing visitors to condole with them; if we picture to ourselves all this, it will be

reproducing all that we had until recently done for the blind. The born blind, like our traveller, have wandered into a country where the inhabitants have a sense, and organs of sense which they do not possess. Their knowledge of the external world has limitations the very nature of which we cannot make them understand; and they must interpret all that we tell them of the eyes and of sight by some other sense before it has any meaning for them. For example, a blind man once listened to an explanation of the colour red, what it is, what it is like, and what effect it produces. The explanation being finished, his friend asks what idea he now forms of the colour. "I think," he answers, "it is like the sound of a trumpet." How striking is this answer. One feels that he had realized the essential meaning of the colour, and translated it from the unknown to the known language.

The diseased, the blind, the lame, the deformed, are all dwarfed from their full stature; they fall short of what we expect in man as man; but since they have been sent into the world and are allowed to remain in this condition by One who orders all things in love, we may be sure that He has not simply set them apart to suffer. We must help them to realize the good intended for them, and to lead honourable and useful lives. In general, however, we do one of two things. We shut them out of society, and keep them apart in charitable institutions, or we say, "Go and beg." Surely in this case the old way is the wrong way. Instead of saying, "My blind friend, you have still your duty to do in the world, and it seems to us that we can help you and encourage you. If you are poor, we must teach you to work for yourself that you may be independent; and if you are rich, we must teach you to work for others, that you may still be independent, may have resources of your own"—instead of this, we say, "Oh, my dear afflicted friend, sit still in a corner, and let me put your bread in your mouth for you; and if I can only beg or borrow the money, I will build a house, and get fifty more afflicted friends, and you shall all live together."

Perhaps, however, it would be painful to urge the blind to activity if they did not themselves appeal to us, and that in the clearest and most forcible manner, to help them, and to consider them as fellow-workers. The lives of these fifty-four blind men and women are an appeal and a protest. We see them, when they have been thrown young on their own resources, making roads and planning bridges, carrying letters, and cutting out little wooden ships; doing things in fact, which we, who cannot know what blindness means, should never have devised for them.

We find that if those who are born blind, or who have become blind through accident or disease, are so placed that they have the same possibility of free development or the same encouragement to it as the sighted, they will find for themselves careers for which they are most fitted.

And we may well ask why should the chief aim of those who have the care of the blind be to preserve them from accident? Why should the blind boy not cut his fingers with knives and tools, and tear his clothes

with brambles, and meet with those numerous mishaps which we all agree are essential in the education of boys? What mother says to her boy, "I won't let you climb a tree, because you have not got wings like a bird, so if you slip you will tumble down with a great thud, and be brought home with a broken neck!"

What is the use of talking to a boy about bird's wings? Of course they would save him many a tumble, but he hasn't got them! And what is the use of harping on eyes to a blind boy? Help him to learn to rely on the senses he has got, and he will soon find, and you will find also, that he is not so badly off after all.

It is scarcely too much to say that misplaced pity and tenderness have been the curse of the blind. Instead of strengthening them to bear up against misfortune, we have helped them to succumb to it. We teach them first to be helpless, then when they have outlived those whose chief duty and first interest it has been to wait on and support them, they must sink into a lonely and neglected old age; if they are poor, into beggary and often into deepest degradation and vice.

The blind require a peculiar education; a training that shall differ not in degree but in *kind*, from that of the sighted. Instead of giving them this, even when any attempt at systematic education is made at all, they receive only a training which would be defective and unsatisfactory to a man with the use of his eyes, and which is almost worthless to one without eyes.

There is no systematic basis for their education, and we have not yet clearly learned where there is a difference between them and the sighted, and where there is no difference. For this reason, many things are attributed to their blindness which really arise from their inability to get at the aids which the sighted have, and which they also might have. For example, their nervous system is supposed to be peculiarly susceptible and delicate, and almost of necessity in an unhealthy state. Yet there is little doubt that this is merely the result of want of air and exercise. They cannot walk without a guide, the guide must be paid; so to the poor, fresh air and exercise are impossible luxuries. And yet their testimony on this point is very strong, and full, and clear, and unanimous. They say that, if only the faculty is strengthened by use, they have the means of guiding themselves in safety in almost all cases, and are not more liable to extraordinary accidents than the sighted. It is well known that the "blind bat," which has become a proverb, will thread the most intricate recesses of the darkest cavern, flying with unerring precision and great swiftness. It can do this because the membrane that covers the wing is of such exceeding delicacy that the little creature can *feel* the vibrations of the air, and can thus tell if the insects on which it preys are near it, and in what direction they are moving, and where the solid walls of the cavern project. In the same way, the blind in whom this power has been developed, tell us that they have *sensations* of the objects near them; can tell whether a thing is stationary or in motion, whether it is large or small, whether it is a tree or a man. They know whether they

are walking in a lane, or in a street, or in a field. If you ask them how, they say that it "feels different."

Some of the blind are said to be able to distinguish the difference of colour by the sense of touch. But very few can distinguish any other difference than that of texture; they say that if pieces of the same material but of different colours are placed before them, they can discern no difference in the "feel" of them.

The great acuteness of those senses which they possess is, no doubt, partly to be attributed to a special development of the organs, and partly, also, to the intentness of observation which they bring to bear on all that comes within their cognizance. The blind man has not the *distraction* of the number of objects presented by the sense of sight, and his greater concentration takes him deeper into the subject to which he is attending.

Coleridge says that while a diseased state of any organ of sense, or of the inner organs connected with it, will tamper with the understanding, and even sometimes overpower it, yet that if the organ is altogether obliterated, or the action of it suspended, then the mind applies some other organ to a double use. Perhaps he is not right in calling it "a double use." It may be that only when the sense of sight is altogether lost, do we discover how much we owe to hearing and touch; and when the organ of hearing is injured, we find how much we may learn without ears, and so on.

Coleridge tells of a man, blind from his infancy, whose chief amusement was "fishing on the wild and uneven banks of the riven Eden," in Westmoreland, and up the different tarns and streams among the mountains. He had an intimate friend, also stone-blind, who knew every gate and stile, far and near, throughout the country, and who was a dexterous card-player. The blind John Gough, of Kendal, was not only an excellent mathematician, but as a botanist and zoologist he was infallible. At the first touch he would correct the mistakes of the most experienced sportsmen with regard to the birds or vermin which they had killed; and as to plants and flowers, the rapidity of his touch appeared fully equal to that of sight, and the accuracy greater. But then, Coleridge adds, "It needs only to look at him! Why, his face sees all over! It is all one eye!"

There is great truth in this. The faces of some of the blind do "see all over." They are not only "all eye," but they are eyes that are watchful, anxious, apprehensive, that can never close peacefully or look out calmly and hopefully upon existence. The struggle is for them unequal and unfair. They have had no preparation, no training for the position they have to fill, and they can only surmount the difficulties and obstacles presented to them by a continuous effort. They must make their blindness as little of a hindrance as possible, and as they have received no help, no special training for this purpose, there must be a great strain on the mental powers. This strain reacts on the nervous system, and so we get that look preternaturally watchful and alive, which is at the same time the indication and the result of their condition.

It may be objected that as every blind man can strike out for himself a path which he can follow successfully, we are absolved from the duty of helping him, and may stand afar off and watch.

But so, and far more easily, can those who see; and yet for them we have discovered, within certain limits, almost everything that is practicable. The trades and professions lie ready to hand. They know there are some things which they can do with a certainty of success; there are others which they may attempt hopefully. They know, for all practical purposes, the limit of their powers. Now this is what is needed for the blind. The limitations caused by their calamity require to be carefully studied and accurately marked out. The advantages and facilities offered by their extraordinary delicacy and accuracy in touch, hearing, and smell, need also to be carefully studied and accurately marked out; and, lastly, their great facility for abstraction should be taken into account. Should it encourage or discourage us to find that this can be done effectually only by the sufferers themselves? Or is it cruel to say, that if anything is to be done for them, it is the blind who must do it? We can give them great help, we can place them in the most favourable position for making their experiments, we can help them with our sympathy and our means, and then we must stand on one side and wait for the result. It is the blind who must themselves discover what work the blind can do.

There are at the present time *thirty thousand* blind men and women in Great Britain and Ireland, and nearly all of them are poor. In every town, in almost every village, we find them,—young and old, healthy and infirm, idle and industrious. And in nearly all cases they are dependent; they must beg their bread from strangers or from their own kin; they cannot earn it. There are schools and asylums, but they are in every way inadequate. Nine-tenths of the blind lose their sight after the age of twenty-one, and only one or two of the schools receive adult pupils; there are, then, nearly twenty-seven thousand who are unprovided for. Again, they are not taught trades by which they can earn a living. They learn to make ropes and mats. But it is true, though strange, that this is an employment which is not remunerative to any honest labourer, whether blind or sighted. So much of this kind of work is done in the prisons, done so well, and sold so cheaply, that the criminals have really a monopoly of the market. On this account there is also a great prejudice against the trade. If a man makes mats, it is supposed that he must have been in prison.

The loss of sight by an adult is accompanied by almost hopeless depression. But if the sufferers can be roused from this, and can make the effort to retain all that is possible of their former powers, they have many advantages over the born blind. They do many things mechanically which the born blind must learn; and they have distinct ideas of external objects conveyed through the only medium which can give direct and accurate perceptions. But there is a great difference between those whose blindness is the result of accident, and those who lose their sight through fever or other illness. In the former case, nature tries to compen-

sate for the loss of sight by the increased acuteness of the other senses, but in the latter the fever or malady which has destroyed the eyes often affects other organs also ; the hearing especially is either impaired or lost.

This increases the difficulty of helping the sufferer, but does not render it impossible.

But we will find proofs for some of the foregoing assertions in Wilson's biographies.

Let us first look at the life of Wilson himself. He was born in America, in the year 1779, and at four years old he was on his way to England. But before the ship reached Belfast the child had been deprived of his sight by small-pox, and the parents who accompanied him were both dead. He would have been friendless and destitute, had it not been for the kindness of one of the passengers, who placed him under the charge of an old woman in Belfast. Soon after this his right eye was couched, and for a time he enjoyed the use of it. Writing more than thirty years later he says, "The recollection of it affords me pleasure even to the present day." But at seven years old he was attacked by a savage cow, and terribly injured. The accident nearly cost him his life, and quite destroyed his sight. At eight years old we find him a healthy, happy blind boy ; making windmills, cars, and wooden ships for his companions, or joining them in their sports ; gaining confidence, courage, and independence.

At fourteen he lost his kind old foster-mother, and was again forlorn, but this time not helpless ; he chose for himself the career of *letter-carrier*, and his despatch and punctuality were so great that he was generally employed in preference to the sighted, and often walked thirty or forty miles on important business. After this he was engaged by the editor of the *Belfast News Letter* to distribute the paper to subscribers, and received as wages two shillings a week and six of the *News Letters*. These papers he lent to tradesmen at a halfpenny an hour, and thus contrived to earn a living.

Later still a friend lent him a few pounds ; he bought a stock of hardware, and travelled through the country as a pedlar. And here, experienced traveller as he was, he speaks feelingly of the dangers and difficulties which the blind *must* meet in such a course of life. He tells how, with the thunder rolling overhead, and the rain drenching him from head to foot, he would often unconsciously pass by a place of shelter ; or would stand in the road bewildered and hopeless, not knowing that a house was only a few paces from him. In winter the blind man cannot pick his way ; he goes straight on through the pools of water and the mud ; and in summer he stumbles into the deep cart-ruts, and over any obstacles in his road. Walking is, therefore, much more laborious for him than for the sighted. Again, the blind traveller wanders out of the direct road into fields or by-paths, and may sometimes spend the whole day in seeking for the road which is only a few feet from him. These are his dangers, but his deprivations are far greater. He loses all the solace of the beauties of nature ; and how many a weary mile does this shorten !

In the year 1800 an asylum was opened at Belfast for the purpose of teaching the blind to support themselves. Our newsvender and pedlar was at this time twenty-one, and he gladly availed himself of the opportunity of learning a trade. He was entered on the books as an apprentice, and when he left the institution only a few months before its dissolution, he had acquired a knowledge of upholstery, and was for the rest of his life able to support himself by his work.

Previous to this he had been an eager listener to all works of fiction—prose or verse—and had proved himself to have a most retentive memory. He had also published a volume of poems of moderate merit, which had been favourably received. He now worked chiefly at the houses of friends who were interested in him, and while he was working some one would read to him. As the choice of the book depended on the reader, he seems to have enjoyed considerable variety, and to have had fiction and philosophy, poetry and history, biography and travels, in the course of the day. His chief interest was at all times in biography, and his attention soon became fixed on the biography of the blind. He knew from experience the almost insurmountable difficulties that beset the blind, and knew also the energy, perseverance, and industry required, if these difficulties were ever to be surmounted.

With great patience, and with no small amount of labour, he collected his materials, and gave to the public, as we have stated, an account of the lives of fifty-four blind men and women. We find the names of men eminent in science and in art, biographies with which we are all familiar; but Wilson was not wrong in supposing that the public would be interested in those of whom he wrote, not only as men, but as blind men.

His little volume was published in 1820, met with a very favourable reception, and passed through several editions.

Perhaps no life more fully illustrates much that has been said than that of John Metcalf. He was born at Knaresborough, in Yorkshire, and became totally blind at six years old, after an attack of small-pox. But the boy was not kept in the house, watched and waited on, and treated as if his blindness had been imbecility; within six months he was associating with boys of his own age, and joining in their sports. Before long he was a fearless rider, an excellent swimmer, and a clever trader in almost everything that could be bought and sold. Not only this, but he built bridges, and constructed high-roads; nearly all the roads over the Peak, in Derbyshire, were altered in accordance with his directions; and he particularly distinguished himself by making a road over the marshes between Blackmoor and Standish Foot. His plan was deemed impossible by the surveyors and trustees, and, in answer to their immoveable opposition, he said, "Gentlemen, I propose to make the road over the marshes after my own plan, and if it does not answer, I will be at the expense of making it over again after yours."

They assented to this proposal, the road was made, and this particular part of it required no repairing for twelve years.

Metcalf's whole life was one of incident and adventure ; but only that phase of it has been alluded to which shows of how much active and useful work this blind man was capable.

Wilson relates a very touching anecdote of one "Blind Macguire." He was a tailor, and he worked with such accuracy that he could make a tartan suit. Now this is a difficult thing for any tailor, as the stripes and colours of the tartan must be joined with the greatest precision. Blind Macguire worked for a family in Invernesshire, and on the return of his master's brother from India, he received orders to make a complete Highland suit as quickly as possible. Late at night the gentleman for whom the suit was being made, passed through the room in which the tailor was at work, and there, in the darkness, he heard a low singing.

"Who's there?" he asked.

"I am here," was the answer, "at work."

"Why, how can you work without a candle?" was the exclamation, uttered in momentary forgetfulness of the man's blindness.

"Oh," was the reply, "midnight darkness is the same to me as noon-day."

Macguire is said to have been able to distinguish the colours of the tartan by touch.

The life of Dr. Henry Moyes is also full of interest. He was born at Kirkaldy, in Fifeshire, and died in the year 1807, at the age of fifty-seven. He lost his sight by the small-pox before he was three years old, and retained scarcely any recollection of having ever seen. And yet the one thing that he remembered shows in a very striking manner this tendency of his mind. He remembered once seeing a watermill in motion, and wondering why the water flowed in one direction while the wheel turned round in another ; and he adds, that it was a long time before he was able to comprehend this. In his case the eyes were not totally insensible to intense light, as the rays refracted through a prism, when sufficiently vivid, produced certain effects on him. Red gave him a disagreeable sensation, which he compared to the touch of a saw ; but the sensation produced by green pleased him ; it was, he said, like passing his hand over a polished surface.

Dr. Moyes possessed extreme delicacy in the senses of touch and hearing. He had also a very retentive memory. It is said that one day a young friend spoke to him in the street, whom he had not met for several years, and his first remark was, "How much taller you have grown since we last met!" He was able to judge of his stature by the direction of the voice. Whenever he was in company he remained for some time silent. The sound of the different voices enabled him to judge of the form and dimensions of the room, and of the number of persons present ; and it is said that he was very seldom mistaken on these points. He used to tell with great amusement how he was overturned in a stage-coach.

An old coachman is reported to have said that there were only

two kinds of stage-coach accidents. "Sometimes we scatters 'em, sometimes we throws 'em in a heap." Dr. Moyes' accident belonged to the latter class; for coach, horses, and passengers, were thrown into a ditch. The night was wet and very dark, and in this emergency they all applied to the blind man for assistance in extricating the horses. "As for me," he says, "after I had recovered from the astonishment of the fall, and discovered that I had escaped unhurt, I was quite at home in the dark ditch. The inversion of the order of things was amusing; I, that was obliged to be led about like a child in the glaring sun, was now directing eight persons to pull here, and haul there, with all the dexterity and activity of a man-of-war's boatswain."

Dr. Moyes was the first blind lecturer on chemistry and optics, and next to Saunderson, he affords the most striking example on record of "attainments in mathematics made without any assistance from the eye." He was entirely dependent on his own exertions, as a lecturer and man of science, for support; and he not only achieved this object, but by prudence and economy saved a considerable sum, which he bequeathed to his brother.

M. Diderot gives a very graceful account of Mademoiselle de Salignace, an amiable and accomplished French lady. She was born in 1741, lost her sight when she was about three years old, and died at the age of twenty-one. He tells us that "from her earliest youth it had been the study of those around her to improve her senses to the utmost; and it is wonderful to what a degree they succeeded. By feeling, she could distinguish peculiarities which might be easily overlooked by those who had the best eyes; her hearing and sense of smell were also exquisite. She knew by the state of the atmosphere whether it was cloudy or serene; whether she was in an open place or a close street; also, whether she was in the open air or in a room; or, if in a room, whether it was large or small. She could calculate the size of a circumscribed space, by the sound produced by her feet or her voice. When she had once gone over a house, she so well knew the plan of it, that she was able to warn others of any danger; she would say, 'Take care, the door is too low;' or, 'Do not forget that there is a step.' She spoke little, and listened much: 'I am like the birds,' said she, 'I learn to sing in darkness.'"

Again. "She understood the elements of astronomy, algebra, and geometry. Her mother sometimes read to her the Abbé de Caillé's book, and on asking her whether she understood it, she replied, 'Oh, perfectly! Geometry is the proper science for the blind, because no assistance is wanting to carry it to perfection; the geometrician passes almost all his life with his eyes shut.'"

She was questioned on that most difficult of all subjects for the blind, the sense of sight.

"I suppose," she said, "that the eye is a living canvass of infinite delicacy; the air strikes the object; from this object it is reflected towards the eye, which receives an infinite number of different impressions, accord-

ing to the nature, the form, and colour of the object, and perhaps the qualities of the air; these are unknown to me, and you do not know much more of them than myself; it is by the varieties of these sensations that they are painted to you. If the skin of my hand equalled the delicacy of your eyes, I should see with my hand as you with your eyes; and I sometimes figure to myself that there are animals which are blind, and are not the less clear-sighted."

How subtle and delicate this analogy. What a contrast between it and the rough vigour of the answer given by a blind man, who was asked what he thought eyes could be.

"Eyes," said he, "are organs which have the same relation to the body that my stick has to me. If I put my hand between your eyes and an object, my hand is present and the object is absent; and this is just what happens when I feel for one thing with my stick and touch another."

A very interesting experiment is now being tried in a small shop in a busy street in London. A blind lady has established there what she calls "An Association for Promoting the General Welfare of the Blind." It is not an asylum where a few can receive shelter and food; it is not a school to which only children can be admitted. It is a manufactory, a workshop, an adult school; and in the hope of seeing in time such an association in every large town in Great Britain, we propose to give an account of it.

Miss Gilbert, the founder, is a daughter of the Bishop of Chichester; she has been blind from infancy, and the one interest of her life has been the endeavour to ameliorate the condition of the blind, and more especially of the blind poor. Her earnest efforts and her earnest thought have led her to the conviction that if it is necessary for blind men and women to earn their living, it is possible for them to do so. At the same time, she fully recognizes that there is an amount of dependence which the blind must bear as part of their trial; but as a part which sweetens instead of embittering it, and as a part in which the compassion of the sighted comes in as a very chief blessing.

We shall find these two elements—the struggle for independence and the submission to dependence—blending harmoniously in her work, and giving it a fulness of life and vigour which are the earnest of success. Miss Gilbert's object is, then, to help the blind to help themselves. In order to do this she has had first to ascertain at what trades they can work profitably, and next to enlist the sympathy of those who can help her in carrying out her aim. She has succeeded in both respects. Many good and eminent men spoke in praise of her work in June last at St. James's Hall; and Mr. Gladstone, one of the best and wisest men of our age, advocated it, so he said, not from motives of philanthropy, but as a political economist; he said that it was founded on principles of the soundest political economy.

Miss Gilbert has experimented on trades and occupations, accepted some and rejected many; and she has found a most intelligent and

enthusiastic assistant in Mr. William Hanks Levy, who is now the superintendent of the association. This excellent man, who is himself blind, devotes his whole life to the service of the blind. He has found by experience many trades in which they can be profitably employed, and has devised many simple and ingenious plans for writing, for teaching arithmetic, for playing chess, and such like, which are a great boon to the poor.

Those who have learned to write before losing their sight use a very simple apparatus, invented by Mr. Levy. A small frame contains a cardboard, with raised flat lines about half an inch apart. A sheet of letter-paper is stretched over the cardboard and fixed in the frame, and as the raised lines can be felt through the paper, they serve as a guide. This writing is always in pencil.

A blind man's writing-desk opens like a backgammon-board. On one side there is a large pad, over which the sheet of paper is fixed; and on each side of the frame are holes, so that a flat ruler can be pegged across. On the other side there are numerous little divisions, each containing a narrow bit of wood, about an inch long. At one end of these wooden types, short brass pins are inserted, so as to give the simplest form of the Roman letters. Perhaps a woman comes to you at the Association to write her name. She fixes the flat wooden ruler at the *bottom* of the page—this is for the letters to lie against, like the composing-stick of a printer; then she begins at the bottom of the page, reversing all the letters. She takes a P, presses it down gently; feels for an R, and presses that down by the P; next she replaces the P, and presses an I by the side of the R; puts back R, and places C after I; restores the I, and takes E. When this is done, she has embossed the word PRICE; so she puts a stop after it, and goes on to another. The *stop* has a single pin-point in it, and is placed after every word; a full stop has two pin-points. When the sheet of paper is reversed, the embossed writing can be seen by the sighted, and felt by the blind. Many of the latter can thus write and address their own letters. These letters pass through the post, and have even been sent in safety to America.

The types are not always replaced in the right divisions, but the blind tell by touch if they have the right letter, very often putting it to the *tongue*, which they use as a delicate and accurate organ of touch.

A more expensive but most ingenious writing frame was invented by a blind Frenchman, who brought it to the Great Exhibition of 1851. The blind lady sits to write with this frame upon her knee. It is about the size of a common slate, and contains a plate of zinc, a sheet of note-paper, and above this a sheet of carbon paper. There are holes down each side of this oblong frame, and a second narrow frame is pegged across it, and can be moved down step by step as each line of writing is finished. The fingers of her left hand play, with the most astonishing rapidity, over ten small keys fixed to the transverse frame; she presses them down for an instant, and they rebound from the zinc with a sharp click. Converging wires, with blunt points, are attached to these keys,

and, if the ten were struck one after the other, they would press the carbon paper on the white paper, and leave ten small black dots in a straight line, one under the other. But meanwhile, the right hand turns a small handle attached to a wheel, and the keys in their framework move slowly along a groove, and so the dots stand in succession, and form the letters. To make an O you press 5 and 6 with your left hand, turn the wheel half-way round with your right; press down 4 and 7, half a turn; then, again, 4 and 7, half a turn; then 5 and 6, and the O is finished: make two turns, and begin a fresh letter. But it cannot be described; the rapid fingers strike the little leather-tipped keys with the most marvellous rapidity and accuracy, and the right hand as swiftly turns the diminutive handle. It is a combination of Mr. Hallé and an Italian organ-boy, and the result is a neatly printed letter. Here is a specimen:—

I must tell you that it was principally from Mr. Levy that I had my information about the condition and wants of the Blind and he it was who gave me so to speak the design which would he thought most effectually accomplish my desire of employing and of thus helping the Blind to help themselves

The Association receives men and women at any age as apprentices, and they are taught one or more of the trades at which they can work profitably. They pay a small premium, and are apprenticed for two years; if they live at too great a distance to come to their work daily they also pay for their board. When the apprentices have learnt their trade they can choose whether to be employed in the institution or to seek work elsewhere; and of course it is also open to the institution to accept or decline their services. By far the greater number of workers are employed at their own homes, and this shows practically that Miss Gilbert's aim is to give the blind a home among the sighted, and not to separate them as a distinct class. The trades taught are the making of brushes, brooms, mops, and mats, in every variety; all kinds of wicker-work, bead-work, and ornamental leather-work, also carpentry and the chopping of firewood.

It is found as a general rule that the blind work as well, but seldom as quickly, as the sighted. With the blind it is the hand and not the eye which must find the tool that has been laid down; the material to be used must be carefully felt over, and the position of every article required must be ascertained by touch. And thus the most rapid blind worker must be slower than he who can look as he works, and watch his own progress, instead of needing to pause and *feel* it. Now, of course, half the

work means half the wages. And here it is that an association and the sympathetic help of his fellow-men come in to place the blind worker on an equal footing with other labourers. The association sells him the best material at cost-price, and then buys his finished work at the full selling price. He thus gets the tradesman's profit in addition to the workman's wages, and the two enable him to live. The expenses are meanwhile defrayed by the contributions of the charitable, and during the infancy of the association the advantages of such an arrangement are obvious, but to become permanent it must be self-supporting. In time there can be little doubt that the blind man, well trained to a work suited for him, and for which there is a constant demand, will earn wages on which he can live in comfort.

But let us visit the institution. It is in the Euston Road, London, No. 127. And as there is nothing to attract your attention you must really look for it, if you mean to find it. An ordinary shop you see at last, full of the work of the blind: passing through it you enter a narrow passage, ascend dark and narrow stairs, and enter a long low room on the first floor, in which about a dozen women are at work. Their ages vary from seventeen to forty, and their occupations vary also. Some are at bead-work and leather-work; some are making brushes, some are putting new cane bottoms to chairs; some are "clipping wings," and some are chopping wood. They are all cheerful; they look happy, and most of them are intensely interested in their work. The problem of the bead-workers is to discover and copy the construction of a small perambulator; the beads are threaded on wire, and beads of different colours are used alternately, although colour for these women is but a name.

A worker in leather cuts and stamps leather leaves and flowers very skilfully, and then arranges them with great taste, so as to form an ornamental wreath for a basket. But there is a merry voice and a merry laugh that draws you, and you turn and see a girl kneeling on the floor, her round red arms encircling the chair at which she is working. She is learning to put a new cane seat to an old chair; and of course she is doing it wrong, so she laughs. You try to help her, and go farther wrong than ever, and then she laughs more and more. She is an Irish girl, and a few years ago she was snatched from the streets and from beggary. She was such a wild little savage that she had to be *tamed* before she could be taught. She had an apparently incurable habit of coiling herself up, and going to sleep after a meal, so that she had to be *felt for* in all directions. But Margaret is now civilised and educated as well as instructed, and she carries to the workroom her fund of high spirits only, her Irish humour, and all the warmth and goodness of her nature. Her work at the chair, however, did not seem especially to her taste, and she was delighted at being asked to explain the meaning of "clipping wings." The long bristles round the end of a scrubbing-brush which are fixed sometimes at one and sometimes at both ends, are called the "wings;"

fixing these in and clipping them to the right length seemed to give Margaret great delight.

The wood is chopped for firewood, and made into bundles. The men saw it into logs of the required length, and then it is split and tied up by the women. This branch of their work is so well suited to their powers, that Mr. Levy thinks all the blind poor in London might be employed if they could only get customers for the wood.

Passing from the women's workrooms to the rooms for the men, you find the latter variously occupied. They are busy as carpenters and brushmakers chiefly. The brushmakers have an order from Windsor Castle and Buckingham Palace, and are busy and happy making very large bass-brooms "for the Queen." And then we say that it is a pleasant thing to find our Queen wherever a good work is to be done. In a lower shop, long and narrow and very dark, one young man will attract your attention. You watch him, and cannot help remarking the astonishing celerity and accuracy of his work. But he goes on quite unmoved; you speak to him again, and then a fellow-workman tells you that Ayers is quite deaf as well as blind. Both sight and hearing were lost four years ago, when he was twenty. You take his hand, and, making on it the signs of the dumb alphabet, say a few words to him. You need not trouble yourself to spell out the words and sentences; he catches your meaning, and in a low slow voice repeats what you would have said. He cannot hear this voice, but with deliberate care he pronounces every syllable, that you may know whether he understands you aright, and then his answers show the intelligent, thoughtful workman.

The Association rescued this man also. Before his blindness he had supported his sisters, and was a very clever and promising workman. After it he fell as a burden on their hands. Deaf and blind! they knew no help for him, and he knew of no means of helping himself. When he recovered from his illness he could only sit despairing in a corner of the room, and when his sisters wanted him to take his meals, they made him understand by knocking him on the shoulder. In this condition Mr. Levy found him, and restored him to his place as a human being by teaching him the alphabet for the dumb. Once more able to communicate with his fellow-men, and there was hope for him. He could learn all that they could teach him, or could again work for himself and others. Not only is he now one of the most skilful of workers, but he is employed to teach others. He professes to teach *the blind*, but there are many others who will learn from him. Only think of the courage and the endurance, tried to the very uttermost, and yet springing up at the very first glimpse of a loophole by which to escape from his dark solitary prison. Everything to unlearn, even reading and writing, and life to begin again, at twenty and under such disadvantages. But "courage and forward" has been his motto, and see as he stands before you now, the man not less, but more intelligent than his fellows; higher than they are through his sufferings, his struggles, and his victory. And this we say is, and ought to be, a

model association. The blind who have time and money can labour for the blind poor as Miss Gilbert has done. They can help us to understand what their needs really are, and how we can give them assistance not only of the right kind, but in the right manner. They can teach us how to educate and instruct the blind; if they do not we shall never know. If there are no "blind helpers" there can be no "blind workers." Meanwhile our part is to give sympathy and support. We can buy what the associations sell, in preference to buying the same article elsewhere, and we can help the blind poor to obtain the instruction and employment offered to them.

This one association gives work to one hundred and sixty-eight blind men and women. There are two hundred and thirty more on the books, who are applying for instruction and employment. Let us remember, when all is said and done, how great is the privation which many of them learn to endure cheerfully. Think what a ride, a walk, a visit to the sea-side, or a ramble among the hills, would be with eyes sealed up from the light, and then strive to lighten the burden that they *must* bear. Help them to eke out their powers to the uttermost, and do not add enforced beggary, and poverty, and dependence to their lot.



Lux in tenebris.

Country Gentlemen.

In his fourth lecture upon the *English Humourists*, Mr. Thackeray draws an amusing picture of the unfavourable impression of literary life which was permanently stamped upon the English mind by Pope's *Dunciad*. "If authors," says he, "were wretched and poor before; if some of them lived in hay-lofts, of which their landladies kept the ladders, at least nobody came to disturb them in their straw; if three of them had but one coat between them, the two remained invisible in the garret, the third, at any rate, appeared decently at the coffee-house, and paid his twopence like a gentleman. It was Pope that dragged into light all this poverty and meanness, and held up those wretched shifts and rags to public ridicule. It was Pope that has made generations of the reading world [delighted with the mischief, as who would not be that reads it?] believe that author and wretch, author and rags, author and dirt, author and drink, gin, cow-heel, tripe, poverty, duns, bailiffs, squalling children, and clamorous landladies, were always associated together. The condition of authorship began to fall from the days of the *Dunciad*; and I believe in my heart that much of that obloquy which has since pursued our calling was occasioned by Pope's libels and wicked wit."

We shall not, we think, be very far wrong if we assign a corresponding share in the growth of that estimate of "a country gentleman," which was for a long time the conventionally accepted one in England, to the wit of another class of writers belonging to about the same period—to the dramatists, namely, of the Restoration, and the essayists and novelists of the succeeding era—to Farquhar, Vanbrugh, and Wycherley, to Steele, Addison, and Fielding. The first set laughed at him, because he was no longer in the fashion; the second set laughed at him, not only because he was unfashionable, but because he was supposed to be disloyal. And thus, by degrees, country gentleman and boor, country gentleman and sot, country gentleman and cuckold, fool, dunce, hog, and Jacobite, grew to be as inseparable ideas with a certain portion of the public, as author and duns, author and tripe, author and gin, and author sleeping in a cockloft.

However, as the satire of Pope, exaggerated though it might be, had nevertheless a foundation in truth, so, we believe, had the satire of his above-named contemporaries. Without giving an unqualified assent to the statements of Whig litterateurs, who were interested in depreciating a body of men which principally consisted of Tories, we cannot bring ourselves to doubt that their picture is in the main correct; that there were more Tory fox-hunters than Sir Roger de Coverleys, and more Squire Westerns than Squire Alworthys.

Nor is it difficult to account for the fact. The civil wars must have exercised a demoralizing effect upon the English gentry, both by the poverty and consequent recklessness to which many of them were thereby reduced, as well as by the actual licence and debauchery with which they were then for the first time brought in contact. As the king's cause declined, the soldiers of the king grew worse. Discipline was relaxed; and the example of the leading men, who had imparted into our quiet English villages the debauchery of the Thirty Years' War, speedily infected the whole Cavalier party. It is needless to say that the restoration of Charles II. did nothing towards purifying them from the taint. The expulsion of his family from the throne had a tendency to aggravate the evil. With all the immorality of the Restoration strong upon them, the great body of the English gentry found themselves suddenly cast off from all those humanizing influences which intercourse with the court and capital is calculated to exercise. They scorned to show themselves at St. James's under the régime of an usurper. They would be at feud with the magnate of their own county—the duke, the marquis, or the earl—who was probably a Whig; and with the bishop, who, according to the "Tory fox-hunter," was likely to be a Presbyterian. Thus they were thrown back entirely upon their own resources and their own society—and their vices, consequently, lost none of their enormity—without pretending any longer to refinement.

To these two causes of the inferiority of the landed gentry must be added the slowness and inconvenience of travelling, which made London more remote from Somersetshire at that time than St. Petersburg is at this. Hence there grew up a class of country gentlemen, who lived exclusively in the country, and never saw a town larger than Exeter or Salisbury from their cradles to their graves, except during the interval which, in time of peace, was devoted to the grand tour. And it was to this *species* of the *genus* that the name of country gentleman was limited by the wits of the Augustan age. Young swells about the Court of Charles II. who wrote verses, carried off actresses, and lost a year's rental in a single night at Whitehall, were as truly country gentlemen in the modern sense of the term, as Sir Geoffery Peveril or Will Wimble. But the owners of landed estates who came to London, sat in Parliament, frequented the clubs and theatres, and dressed themselves according to the fashions, as they betrayed none of the peculiarities which their home-staying fellow gentry acquired, were neither included in the ridicule, nor yet even known by the name, which attached to these last. Country gentleman then meant rustic gentleman; not simply one who had an estate in the country. The great advance towards making the two last expressions synonymous, which was effected at the Revolution, we have noticed already; but they never became quite so—a point that should always be remembered by the curious in English society. Still, even after 1760, when they once more rallied round the person of a Tory king, the old habits were surrendered very gradually; and, considering the

tenacity with which impressions of this nature hold their ground even when every shadow of justification for them has departed, it is not surprising that the old-fashioned idea of the squirearchy should have survived to the present day in sufficient force to make Mr. Bright's statements find credit with a majority of his audience.

A vast change, however, has been silently progressing in the condition of the English landed gentry since the days when George III. was king; and a change of which the consequences ought fairly to be recognized by the public.

'Tis education forms the common mind.

And it is the merest infatuation to blind ourselves to what cannot but be the fruits of such an education as the majority of country gentlemen receive. Their physical education, to begin with, is of unrivalled excellence; and we now know that there is a close connection between physical and mental health. The heir to five thousand a year, beside all the benefits of pure country air and healthy diet, is, as soon as he can bestride a Shetland, initiated into the mysteries of horsemanship, and taught to laugh at tumbles. He is speedily transferred to Eton, where he learns to swim, and to row, and to feel as much at home in deep water as on dry land. Cricket and football teach him a quick eye and hand, presence of mind, judgment, and indifference to pain. Fighting and fagging, whatever their demerits, at least teach the young aristocrat that he is not to have everything his own way in this world, and counteract the servility of nurses and footmen, by which the sons of all rich men, and not only country gentlemen, are beset. At college, the same athletic sports await him; and hunting and shooting soon complete what cricket and boating had begun. For that combined manliness and modesty which are the foundation of gentlemanly character, no specimen can be quoted like the young Englishman of three or four and twenty, on whom Eton or Winchester, and Oxford or Cambridge, have done their proper work.

The character of his intellectual training, moreover, is not determined by the fact that he is to be a country gentleman, but by the fact that he is to be a rich man. The heir to a landed estate and the heir to an estate invested in commerce, will work, the one just as much, or just as little, as the other. At the public schools and universities, the lucky lad whose future is assured is taken to the waters of the Muses; but nobody can make him drink. The best education in the world, confessedly the best education in the world for a future legislator, is there open to him, to take or to reject. The chances are that he does take a good deal of it. He may not, perhaps, become a finished scholar, or an advanced mathematician: he may not carry his studies to that point at which they become ends in themselves, and determine one's career in life: the point at which a man begins to see that his business for the future is to elucidate Homer and Virgil, or employ the differential calculus. He may not get this immediately useful

and remunerative effect out of his education. He doesn't want it; but he will get a good deal of the manuring and stimulating effect: he will get the culture. But be this as it may, the children of no other class in the community from which members of Parliament are likely to be taken in sufficient numbers to be worth noticing, have in this respect any advantage over the children of country gentlemen. What school and college make these it will likewise make them.

Up to the time of leaving college, then, the intellectual training of a country gentleman will leave him much the same as that of any other rich man who knew, when a boy, that he would not have to work for his living. The physical training may have been the same, or it may not. It will have been the same as far as school and college are concerned. But he may not have had the additional physical training which a country life at home implies. This, too, he easily may have had. But it is not, in his case, a certainty, as in that of the other. Both may have had equal advantages in the way of mixing with good society from their boyhood; of having been on familiar terms with highly-bred and well-taught women; a factor of incomparable value in the final product of education. But here again the *chances*, we should say, are rather in favour of the young squire.

It is on leaving college that the critical period in the life of the country gentleman occurs; or rather, we should say, on returning from that year or two of travel which most men still take before settling down in life. Four courses then are open to him. He may, if he has done his travelling in vacation time, go into the army; he may go straight into Parliament; he may go to the bar (a comparatively rare case); or he may sit down at home with his family. Of these various courses, the bar, we have no doubt, is the best, and settling down with his family the worst. The army is very well; but it is not a profession peculiarly calculated to enlarge the mind, or to fill up in any way the deficiencies to which a rich man's education is always liable. The bar is better for a year or two than Parliament, because it precisely does do this; or does it, at least, to some extent. On circuit, at sessions, if not in the pupil-room, the future county magistrate and gaol inspector gets some sound ideas of law, mixes with a different class of men, and is brought in contact with harder, rougher, and shrewder intellects than he could be by any other means. Four or five years spent in Lincoln's Inn and the Temple make him more a man of the world than any other way of spending his time would have done, and are worth any amount of lounging about garrison towns and flirting with garrison belles.

But it is when he settles down at home a young man of five-and-twenty, marries, becomes a magistrate, a game preserver, and a fox-hunter straight on end, without any other experience of the world or any other aims in future, that the country gentleman assumes his least inviting form. If he enter either Parliament or the army, he is sure to mingle with men who, both in wealth and birth, are his superiors, and

outshine him in his own sphere. If he go to the bar, he will find himself, at first perhaps much to his astonishment, but in the end much to his edification, among an able and accomplished class, with the majority of which neither wealth nor birth weighs so much as brains and knowledge. In either case he has a good chance of being brought to see his own position and his own advantages at something like their proper level. In colloquial phrase, he has the conceit taken out of him. No doubt he will find men, both in Westminster Hall and the adjoining "House," who will do obeisance to his social pretensions and sedulously fan his self-esteem. But, under these circumstances, he takes the complaint in a very mild form: influences are at work all about him to counteract its virus, and he finally settles down on his paternal acres as one, so to speak, vaccinated, and secure, at all events, against taking any harm from the adulation of grooms and gamekeepers.

But, if he undergo no such preparatory process, he is but too apt to settle down into that type which is assumed by the enemies of the landed interest to be the type of the entire class. The moral lessons, the equalizing tone, of his public school forgotten, he sinks at length under the influence of the atmosphere which he breathes; becomes a prey to inordinate egotism; and in all his relations with people in any way his inferiors is, indeed, that "petty tyrant" who has so often fed the pen of the satirist. But even in this, the worst case of all, we must remember that, if we turn from moral to mental and physical pretensions, we shall find nothing to lower the country gentleman to the level described by Mr. Bright. It is not, of course, fair to compare him with the professedly learned classes, or with the flower of the richer aristocracy, who are the patrons of art and literature. But compare him with the best samples of our merchants, with our great solicitors, with men high in the civil service; and the chances are that he suffers nothing by the comparison; that he knows as much literature, as much science, and has as much general information as the best of them. The advantage which a wholly different system in the publishing business alone gave the town over the country has now-a-days, for one thing, disappeared. The occupant of any old manor-house a hundred miles from London, who would formerly have been weeks, if not months, behind the London world in the knowledge of public events, remarkable discoveries, or new books, may now discuss at his dinner-party precisely the same subjects as are talked of in Pall Mall and Belgravia, with precisely the same degree of information and intelligence. Enter his home, and you find all the new periodicals, the daily and weekly papers, the last book of travels or history, strewn upon the table of his morning room, and, as you soon find out by the talk of both himself and family, if you are invited to stay to luncheon, not only tossed over, but read. There will doubtless be wanting in his conversation that personal element, that air of the initiated, which belongs to the conversation of a society including within its own bosom the very men who make the world's ideas. There are certain intellectual

fruits which will ripen only in the artificial warmth of a metropolis. And of course the conversation of country gentlemen, even of those who have in their younger days "drunk champagne with 'the wits,'" can lay no claim to such perfection. But then, even when reared, it is not the highest product of the human mind; while the want of it is most decidedly not confined to country gentlemen.

We maintain, then, that as far as *general* culture and *general* information extend, the average country gentleman is quite upon a level with the average town gentleman,—including, for the present, the large number of men who are both,—whether we seek the latter in the merchant's counting-house, the solicitor's office, or at the clerk's desk. Let us now look at him on his special, or, if we may so speak, his professional side, and see how he shows on that. The chief pursuits which occupy his time are manly, dignified, and invigorating to the mental faculties. Agriculture, pursued in that intelligent spirit with which every man of capital now does pursue it, requires as sound an understanding, and as disciplined a judgment, as any other science. The same is true, or nearly true, of grazing. A man of five thousand a year at the present day, whose "talk is of bullocks," is likely to talk very well about them. His conversation will relate not only to fairs, markets, and prices, like Justice Shallow's, but to the various natural and artificial processes by which animal life is sustained and stimulated, and must embrace, of consequence, many of the most interesting problems in physiology. If his taste leads him to attend personally to his timber and young woods, or to the rearing of game, and the habits and haunts of vermin, he becomes a practical student of dendrology and natural history—studies which both exercise the taste and enlarge the mind. On the bench of magistrates, even if he fail in that correcter knowledge of the law which is daily growing commoner with the younger generation of squires, threatening soon to put wholly out of countenance the good old joke against justices' justice, he learns a good deal which is unquestionably useful to himself:—to balance evidence; to check personal feeling; to restrain impulse; and to understand the rights of other classes. All this aids him very greatly should he, towards middle age, enter the House of Commons; and even if it is acquired at the expense of other people, what we maintain is, that it improves *him*. It is not, however, acquired at the expense of other people now nearly so often as it used to be. Country gentlemen between thirty and forty are awake to the responsibilities of their position, and to the social forces which are at work hostile to their existing privileges. You now find on almost every bench of country magistrates several men who understand the rules of evidence, the principle of construing Acts of Parliament, and feel sufficient confidence in themselves to be able to control the zeal of either counsel or attorneys. It is needless to say that when exercised with this degree of intelligence, the magisterial functions of a country gentleman are eminently calculated to improve his natural capacity, and make him a useful member of the commonwealth.

Thus we see that the life of the ordinary country gentleman is passed in a round of occupations which are quite adequate to keep him at the same intellectual level as the occupations of men of business. Whether he walks after breakfast, with his bailiff, to finger his stalled oxen and probe those huge dorsal dimples which have still to be filled up, or to see how his men are getting on with the new drain or in thinning the old copse; or take a round after luncheon with the keeper, who here suspects a polecat, or there an otter, and thinks it likely there will be woodcocks next week; or rides over on market-day to the country town, to adjudicate on rustic quarrels, pass sentence upon minor culprits, and inspect the discipline and general condition of the county gaol—he is doing just as much to keep himself up to the mark as if he were discounting bills, or gambling in stock, or looking after cargoes and bills of lading. The two kinds of work turn out two wholly different kinds of men, each very likely “dark as night” about the pursuits of the other, but neither entitled to boast of his superiority in that general intellectual vigour which belongs to the genus man, as distinct from the squire or the trader.

Feudalism, as an active system, has, we need not say, notwithstanding Mr. Bright's invectives, totally disappeared from England. But traces of the sentiment still linger in some of those sequestered corners of our rural counties which high roads and railways, and the whole bustle and traffic of the century, happen to have missed, and where the population, its habits, customs, and conditions, have remained almost immovable. As we write these words we think of a tall, handsome man, who bears a great historic name, but has only got a small estate, and lives in great retirement in Green-shire. His property is comparatively small, but then it has descended from father to son since the thirteenth century, and the present is the eleventh baronet. He enjoys, moreover, the advantage that it all lies together round his house, that the whole of one parish and one little village belongs to him, and that neither landed tritons nor large towns are in his neighbourhood. Now this man, let us call him Sir Richard, is still regarded with almost filial reverence by his tenants, while by the peasantry he is supposed to possess nothing short of the power of life and death. His wife, a rather young and pretty Lady Bountiful, is looked up to with the same kind of sentiment as was inspired in the heart of Burke by the vision of Marie Antoinette. The young farmers *would* mount their horses for her, we have no doubt, and ride as bravely as their ancestors rode before them under the famous fighting baronet in the Civil Wars. When either he or she comes among them now, every voice is hushed, every hat is lowered, every eye is respectfully cast downwards. When seen approaching in the distance, each rustic nudges the other to prepare himself for the august presence. And it is said that the parish clerk, who has held his office thirty years, cannot even now control his agitation as he observes, from the vestry window, the stately form of Sir Richard and my lady coming down the footpath to the church. “He’s a-coming,” he

whispers on such occasions, with bated breath, to the parson, and rushes out to still the school children, and then to place himself duly in the porch to receive the august visitors.

These traits, however, are but the fast-disappearing relics of an antique faith; the paganism, so to speak, which still nestles in the far-off hills and drowsy, wood-girt villages, but has been driven out for ever from the more populous haunts of men. There is a considerable difference in this respect between the different parts of England. In the west and south-west counties, for instance, and in some of the extreme northern ones, the old sentiment is stronger now, and will probably hold out longer than in the midland and manufacturing counties. In fact, as the master is, the servant is. And where the country gentleman has no rivals in the shape of rich commercial men, who have bought estates in his neighbourhood, he will of course be likely to cherish the feudal idea, and prolong it among his dependants more than he could do when exposed to the dangers of competition. But on the whole, a contrary sentiment is now frequently discernible in the rising generation of country gentry. The landed gentry as a body, by which we mean the men of from two to ten thousand a year, have always had a strong spice of radicalism in their composition. The "country party" in the House of Commons was once the representative of liberty; and less than a hundred years ago Reformers sought to purify Parliament by taking away members from the towns and giving them to the counties. The French Revolution, however, threw for a long time this side of their character into the shade, and the great struggle over Protection caused it to be entirely forgotten. It was not dead, however, but only slumbered. The traditional jealousy of the provincial magnates, of the castle interest, the abbey interest, and what not, still lay alive in the bosoms of the lesser landowners. It made many of them Tories long ago, and keeps many of them so still. But with others, the younger men, it is once more cropping up in the shape of hostility to "bigwigs" of every kind—noble, clerical, or legal; persons, customs, or institutions. The game-keepers of such men complain that they won't prosecute poachers; and their friends have often to lament a corresponding scarcity of game. They are much given to philanthropy, to model schools, model farms, and model prisons. For politics, as such, they profess not to care at all, though not averse to let their light shine before men, if a fit object of compassion present himself in the shape of a true blue Tory. It is to be observed, however, that the radicalism of country gentlemen shows itself rather in a general scepticism, an indisposition to support than a desire to attack existing things; and in this, of course, they are at one with the distinguishing moral and intellectual tone of the present day. A sort of vague confidence that the world will get on very well under *any* conditions of being; a belief that property is at all events secure in *this* particular country; a feeling that, although the chief objects of veneration in the eyes of Conservatives may be all very well, they are not worth making a row about; make

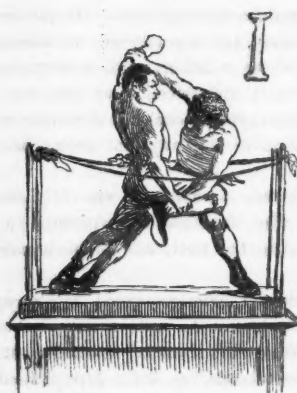
up the aggregate of political thought which such gentlemen entertain. It may be new to many of our readers to be told that in that farming, grazing, fox-hunting, game-keeping, and generally bigoted class of people whom they read about in the London papers, such men are to be found. But they are. They leaven the ranks of the country gentry, of the "great Conservative party," much more than is suspected, and may, for all we know, have something to do with that inveterate numerical inferiority, which, even when most popular, it does not seem able to surmount. Those moral influences of the country which we have alluded to before as breeding a conservative tone of mind in "farmers," are counteracted in the case of their landlords by greater knowledge of the world, more frequent changes of scene, and the more constant detrition which they suffer from contact with antagonistic ideas. The wheel of time brings round many strange reproductions of the past. It is not absolutely impossible that we may again see in the English landed gentry a new "country party," distinguished solely by their resistance to the centralizing power of the crown aided and abetted by the largest territorial proprietors. A *Court* can reward those who are rich enough to mingle with its splendours. But it could never compensate the gentry for the loss of their provincial jurisdiction, which constitutes the whole of their importance.

Country hospitality is famous. But country gentlemen now-a-days are, on the whole, an abstemious race. So that the overworked man of letters who, like "the scientific gentleman" in *Pickwick*, feels the necessity of moistening his clay in order to quicken his ideas, does not always find a country house the most favourable retreat in the world for original composition. But, ye gods, be thanked! the present writer knows some glorious exceptions—festive nooks, where, to use the words of Andrew Fairservice, "It's naething but fill and fetch mair frae tae end of the twenty-four hours to th' ither." In the enjoyment of this harmless conviviality, we have observed the country gentleman at our ease—fondly, carefully, and philosophically, his reading noted, and his brains surveyed. The result of our diagnosis is now before the British public. With all their drawbacks, the landed gentry, as a class, form a sound, solid, and patriotic core to the heart of this nation—

Sic fortis Etruria crevit,

Scilicet et rerum facta est pulcherrima Roma.

A Day's Pleasure with the Criminal Classes.



It is not the fault of the periodical press if the reading public has not by this time a pretty fair notion of what sort of thing a fight for the championship is. The railway terminus besieged by a moneyless crowd, collected partly for professional purposes, partly from pure enthusiasm, partly in the hope of slipping in surreptitiously: the moneyed and ticketed crowd on the platform, comprising peers, M.P.'s, and pugilists: the long vague journey in the early morning, whither, no one knows, save a few cautious organizers: the charming spot carefully selected in a peaceful neighbourhood, and the

amazement of the natives at the invasion of a thousand gentlemen thirsting for blood: the men, and how they looked: the bets and how they were booked: inner-ring, outer-ring, Corinthians and roughs—all these things are now as a tale that has been many times told. But he who fancies that such a description holds good as a description of events in the ring generally makes a great mistake. Between one of these exceptional affairs and one of those ordinary meetings which *Bell's Life* alone chronicles—quite unpretending little encounters of youths to Fortune and Fame unknown, for a poor five-and-twenty pounds aside—there is about the same difference as between—what shall I say? Hodge the ploughman, as he appears at an agricultural meeting, elaborately spruced up by his old woman, with snowy smock-frock, flowers in his bosom, and face shining and sheepish, listening to the laudatory remarks of the Earl of Jawborough who is about to present him with a prize pair of corduroys for having brought up thirteen children without assistance from the parish; and Hodge sitting at the plough tail, mired and easy, shovelling in cheese with his pocket-knife, while his horses take their noontide rest. In other words, the difference which exists between any man or thing on special and state occasions, or in his and its ordinary working dress. This kind of match compared with one of the more sensational sort, like that of King and Heenan the other day, is very much what “the Guineas,” or “the City and Suburban,” or some race of that description, is to the Derby. It has no attractions for your mere

amateur or dilettante ring-goer. Its patrons are the genuine working supporters of the ring, who, eager for the public good, attend for the purpose of watching for modest merit, encouraging rising talent, and recruiting the lower walks of the profession with such "Young 'uns" and "Big 'uns," and "Elastic pot-boys" as may show signs of future greatness. Involving no great outlay of capital, it is also extensively patronised by those classes who, possessing the tastes of their social superiors, are unable to gratify them at the cost of a three-guinea railway ticket. In fact an occasion of this sort is the "roughs'" holiday, and is pretty sure to attract a good sprinkling of those gentlemen, whose relations with society are chiefly of a predatory nature. Not, be it understood, from any base craving for filthy lucre: they do not appear professionally, but simply as private individuals, taking their recreation in the way that seems best to them.

Once, some years ago, it was my fortune to assist at one of these solemnities. Let not the gentle reader, who, doubtless, has witnessed (in print) the great battle of Wadhurst, disdain the short and simple annals of a "little mill down the river."

It was to the merest accident (accident, I have remarked, is always busy in such cases) that I owed my introduction to fistic society. One evening, passing the door of a certain West End house of entertainment, I remembered having read that "the whereabouts," as *Bell's Life* phrased it, of a fight to come off the next day, was to be learned there. The paragraph further stated that, "The Chelsea Pippin," one of the combatants, "held his levées" at the same establishment. "Pippin," I am aware, was not the precise term of endearment employed. I cannot call to mind either the real name or the professional sobriquet of the gentleman in question, and as I have never seen anything in the public records of his art to remind me of it, I am inclined to believe that his career was not a long or a brilliant one, and that he is now one of that mighty host who, as Sir Thomas Browne says, "must be content to be as though they had not been." "Pippin," however, is near enough for my purpose; it was some quaint dissyllable of the sort. His antagonist I have since seen warmly mentioned in print, on the score of his scientific attainments. In the natural course of things, therefore, it may be assumed that he took a public-house; and, possibly, by this time has raised himself, by his merits, to such a social position, that it may be more becoming to observe a decent reticence with regard to his name. Let me call him Bill Blank.

There was a fascination about the idea of this levée, and no sufficient reason for resisting it, so I took the liberty of introducing myself. As far as I could see, the levée, if it was to be considered as going on at all, was attended mainly by the cabmen of the neighbouring stand, in the robes and wearing the badges of their order. A printed bill, wafered against a richly gilt and varnished hogshead, purporting to contain Old Tom, set out the attractions of the morrow's treat. That swift steamer the *Dove*,

it said, had been secured regardless of expense. First-class refreshments of every description under the well-known management of Mr. Glossop, were to be obtainable on board, and the public was entreated to bear in mind that, as far as our limited provision went, a merry mill might be expected. Behind the bar there was a young lady with more ringlets than I could have conceived art capable of producing out of one head of hair. When I say that she was the barmaid, it is unnecessary to add that she was scornful. To the end of time, at any rate until the period arrives when the quadrature of the circle becomes a problem in elementary geometry, and a fruitful source of tears to boys of tender age, we may expect this question to agitate men's minds: Why does the dispensing of refreshments of any sort (for the phenomenon is equally observable in confectioners' shops, and railway restaurants) always produce misanthropy in the female mind? Shallow reasoners or optimists, who refuse to think evil of lovely woman, will perhaps deny the fact, or seek to explain it away by the theory that a certain sternness of demeanour is assumed to repel passing attentions that cannot lead to anything; but this argues such an ignorance of the sex that it will not bear a moment's consideration. A friend of mine accounts for it by saying that every woman is something of a tyrant at heart, and that when man appears before her, weak, a suppliant, and completely in her power, she cannot resist the temptation to snub, subdue, and make him generally uncomfortable. He, however, is married, and notoriously henpecked, and therefore his opinion is to be received with caution. It may be that the constant contemplation of man as a mere swallowing animal, joined with a knowledge of the composition of what he swallows, leads to a belief that he must be physically dyspeptic, and morally depraved. Possibly an acquaintance with the structure of jam-puffs induces a suspicion that the world is hollow. Perhaps in process of time, pork-pie comes to force itself upon the imagination as an emblem of that cold, hard conglomerate, called society. But, however the change may be brought about, the melancholy fact remains, that standing behind a bar or restauration counter, or sitting in that seat of the scornful, the slim cane-bottomed chair in the far corner, does curdle the milk of human kindness in bosoms originally meant for love and tenderness.

I should as soon have thought of telegraphing to Buckingham Palace, as of applying to that haughty one in the ringlets for information, and I might have gone away, my thirst for knowledge unassuaged, but for the sudden appearance of a potman through a door artfully constructed in the partition which separated us, representatives of the miscellaneous and retail business, from the jug and bottle department. He was as communicative as could have been desired. As to the levée, he could not say much about that. There had been a few gents a-taking their liquor along of Mr. Glossop and the Pippin in the parlour, but they was mostly gone now. As we were speaking, a young man with a thin colourless face, and closely-cropped head, and buttoned up to the chin in a heavy

great-coat, passed out. "That's 'im," said my friend; "that's the Pippin—he's a-going to bed." I remarked that I thought he was residing in the house. "So he were," was the answer; "but to-night he puts up at another crib down East End way,"—here he executed an unfathomable wink. We picks him up to-morrow as we goes down, and he gets a couple of hours more rest by it." When I said I had dropped in for the sole purpose of an interview with the distinguished individual who had just left, he expressed the deepest sympathy. Suddenly a bright thought struck him. The Pippin himself was gone beyond recall, but he had not left an utter void behind him. They had his boots in the bar. Should I like to see 'em?

The offer was evidently made in a friendly spirit, so I replied that the spectacle would be a great comfort to me, and would console me, if anything could, for missing the society of the wearer.

"Miss Abbott," said the potman, addressing the maiden behind the bar, "will you show the Pippin's boots, if you please, miss."

Whether he effected it by some potent spell, or by the possession of some terrible secret, which placed her in his power, I cannot say, but he made this astounding request with perfect impunity, and Miss Abbott, not in the least indignant, only languidly contemptuous, placed upon the counter a pair of dapper lace-up boots, with soles plentifully studded with that description of nail to which the poetry of the trade has given the name of sparrow-bills.

I thought I had concealed my feelings at the sight of these suggestive objects, but I suppose my countenance must have betrayed some emotion, for my friend at once, without any disingenuous beating about the bush, whispered: "Come down and see him fight in 'em. Tickets here; boat at Cadogan Pier, Chelsea. Start at five. I'm a-going." If I had had any scruples about the propriety of the affair, the wording of the ticket which he produced would have set them at rest. A member of the Peace Society might have stuck it over his chimney-piece and felt no shame. It admitted the bearer, it said, to participation in an "excursion down the river;" as if it had been got up by a body of philanthropic gentlemen to familiarize the public with the scenery of the lower Thames. The object was lightly alluded to as being "to view"—observe the delicacy of that expression—"the contest for 50*l.* between the Chelsea Pippin and William Blank of Bermondsey!" If these two youths had been shepherds of the golden age about to contend in alternate strains upon rustic pipes for a chaplet of honeysuckles, the invitation could not have been more charmingly put. Was this, then, an instance of that institution which I had been so often told was a disgrace to our country, and a relic of barbarous times? Surely, I thought, we have been under a delusion, produced, perhaps, by the figurative language of sporting literature. "Conks" and "counters" must mean some kind of rural produce; "rib-roasters" and "potato-traps," agricultural implements of some description. It is not claret which is "tapped," but hydromel, and Pippin and Blank

are only Daphnis and Menalcas, who "come up smiling;" while Theocritus, disguised as the reporter for *Bell's Life*, embalms them in an idyll.

I purchased that ticket, paying about as many shillings as the noblemen and gentlemen who went to Wadhurst paid guineas—no great sum for a trip into Arcadia.

On awaking next morning, the first question, "Shall I go?" being settled, there arose a second, about costume. Instinct told me it ought to be undemonstrative, likewise substantial. I remember feeling considerable difficulty touching collars. It might be that they were not generally worn on such occasions, and I did not wish to give offence by any singularity of appearance. However, I luckily found a collar of an unobtrusive make, and capable of being made invisible in case public opinion should declare itself strongly on the subject; also I availed myself of a specimen in my possession of that somewhat obsolete garment called the pea-jacket, which, it seemed to me, would form a happy compromise between the raffish and the respectable; and I hailed as a favourable omen the discovery of an ancient spotted cravat, bearing some distant resemblance to that peculiar tie which is beloved in sporting circles under the name of a "bird's-eye fogle." These, with a tourist's wide-awake hat, constituted a turn-out which I regarded with some pride, as being singularly appropriate to the approaching festivity, being partly nautical, partly sporting, withal modestly rakish, and conveying, upon the whole, an idea of something between Robinson Crusoe and an amateur rat-catcher. I need hardly add, that taking into consideration the pastoral simplicity of the forthcoming entertainment, I left behind me all articles belonging to an artificial state of society, such as watch and purse, and only encumbered myself with coins sufficient for the incidental expenses of the day.

It was gratifying to find that my costume met the approval of my friend the potman when I joined him at the establishment he adorned. Early as it was, the shutters were down—if they had been up at all—and the house generally was up and stirring. One or two gentlemen, whom I had seen the night before, were fortifying themselves with strong waters for the exertions of the day, and it seemed to me that their complexions did not look anything like so fresh by daylight. I caught a distant view of the barmaid too. She struck me as being sleepy rather than scornful now. Her ringlets had disappeared, and were replaced by an array of tight screws of newspaper, which gave her the appearance of having dressed her head professionally with pennyworths of tobacco; and—ha, ha!—her nose was red that fresh autumn morning.

In due course the steamer was reached, and we found a select party of the Fancy and its patrons whiling away the time with early beer and scientific conversation. Among them was an elderly gentleman whom I regarded with the deepest interest. His countenance was not, perhaps, a prepossessing one, for a long series of professional struggles had given it a disrupted appearance, like that of a country which has suffered severely from

volcanic action. Numerous extinct craters, both of elevation and depression, were perceptible about the regions of the jaw and forehead. Some terrible convulsion had shaken the foundations of his nose, which lay over on its side, half buried in the face, like an abandoned barge on a mud-bank, and, when he favoured society with a remark, he exhibited a vast extent of toothless gum. His hands were even more remarkable, seeming to consist chiefly of knuckles and knobs, the result, no doubt, of frequent fractures, and, as they lay folded before him on his knees, they strongly resembled the gnarled roots of some queer plant. At his feet lay the ropes and stakes which, when adjusted, form the Ring, and beside him was a long black leather case, containing, as I afterwards discovered, a choice collection of powerful gutta-percha whips, to assist the ring-keepers in maintaining discipline. He was Mr. Thomas Oliver, so frequently mentioned in reports of pugilistic proceedings, affectionately as "Old Tom," playfully as "the ould commissary." The latter title referred to his official position as custodian of the ropes, constructor of the ring, and general trustee of the portable property of the Pugilistic Association, which dignities had been conferred upon him in recognition of his long and valuable services in the cause. This, then, was the Lyndhurst of pugilism, the survivor of a whole generation of mighty ones—alas! since then he has rejoined them—a man who carried one back in fancy to the classic age of Cribb; who had stripped for combat with the stalwart Tom Spring; who had seen the rise and fall of Deaf Burke; and had his nose broken in battle years before Tom Sayers, that star of modern fistic, saw the light. And here was the good old man enjoying an old age, not indeed of peace, for, in the way of business, he helped to break it about once a week in the season, but of honourable ease; no longer personally taking part in the strife of the arena, but, like his great political counterpart, still serving the common weal with his wisdom and experience.

At last we were off and working slowly down the river, stopping occasionally to take in boat-loads of sportsmen. Off Lambeth we took in some; a few also at Hungerford. At London Bridge we remained for a long time, backing astern and going ahead, while boat after boat pulled alongside full of passengers eager for the fray; and the ticket-takers had to be doubled, and sometimes to use force to prevent enthusiasts unprovided with the card of admission from joining our select party. Again off Limehouse did we stop, for the convenience of the eminently sporting population of Stepney, Whitechapel, and the Commercial Road; and again at Blackwall, at which point the Pippin was brought on board with a charming affectation of mystery, and immediately stowed away somewhere below as if he were a bale of contraband goods. It was beyond expression delightful to watch the puzzled faces of the people on board the river steamers as they shot by and caught a glimpse of our motley crew; but the bargemen knew what it meant, and as we passed their lumbering vessels sidling crab-fashion down with the tide, they winked us sympathetic winks, and evinced the warmest interest in our enterprise. We

could not at any time have been described as a well-favoured assemblage, but by the time we had received the contributions of Eastern London we were upon the whole as hangdog-looking a ship's company as ever trod a deck. In the upper parts of the river the excursionists who joined us seemed to be chiefly sporting publicans and pot-boys, professional fighting men, and a few working men, bricklayers mostly, I fancied, as they generally wore fuzzy flannel jackets, and seemed to come from the vast building district of Pimlico. But from London Bridge downwards we began to take in a totally different sort of pleasure-seeker. There were youths of the unmistakeable coster type, in tight dark-coloured corduroys, long waistcoats with sleeves and mother-o'-pearl buttons, keen-eyed, wiry, generally swarthy, and with something undefinably Oriental about the cast of their features, possibly traceable to an infusion of gipsy blood. Stanch supporters of the ring these, when, as on this occasion, support is not an expensive luxury, and no mean exponents of its principles in an amateur way. Then there were second-rate pugilists, and also many quasi-pugilists, hangers-on at sporting public-houses, men who occasionally "set to" at the benefit of some reduced member of the Fancy, and on the strength of this affect outrageously the demeanour of the fighting man. Nor were specimens by any means scarce of a still lower grade of sporting parasite, the sort of gentleman who, a day or two after you have lost your favourite dog, hangs about your house and thinks he knows a party as knows them as has found him. It was comparatively easy, however, to distinguish the genuine fighting man. Not that he differed from those about him in being bigger or broader or brawnier. Slim or thickset, feather-weight or "big-un," there was something about him which indicated his profession—a certain clearness of complexion and absence of colour about the face quite distinct from the pallor produced by ill-health or gin; a protuberance of cheekbone and brow, as though the protecting bones of the eye had received an unnatural development from repeated pommelling; a puffiness of the lips due possibly to the same cause; not to speak of the "tract of bare and sterile country behind each ear," which the keen eyes of Charles Dickens fixed upon as the most striking feature in "the Chicken's" personal appearance.

But by far the majority of the additions to our society were of a class not so clearly defined, but on the whole more forbidding than any of these. There was no very striking uniformity of countenance or costume. The prevailing expression, perhaps, was one of mingled impudence and cunning, and if any one style of garment was more popular than another, it was something in the nature of a very disreputable-looking shooting-jacket. Taste, too, seemed to run in favour of a soft pulpy kind of cap pulled tightly over the skull, so as to suggest the homely image of a pudding in its bag, and make the ears stick out like small wings from the side of the head. Beyond these there was nothing in common except, perhaps, a general greasiness of dress and person, inducing the idea that every gentleman systematically and on principle lubricated himself in.

order the better to evade the grasp of the law, as represented by the policeman. But it did not require a very profound knowledge of life to make one suspect the existence of a subtle bond of union among these worthies, nor was it necessary to overhear some of their conversation to guess that they were representatives of a powerful and influential class to which society is indebted for some of its most time-honoured institutions.

These were those members of the community who mainly support some two dozen gentlemen sitting at the receipt of charges from ten to four in fragrant bowers in various parts of the metropolis. To the exertions of these we, to a great extent, owe the stately and substantial palaces which adorn some of our more unsightly districts, such as Millbank and Pentonville. For these, in their natural state believing nothing, and fearing the devil only when he appears in the form of a policeman, their country maintains an infinite variety of chaplains—Protestant, Catholic, Wesleyan, Mahomedan, Mormon, so nice do their religious scruples become after conviction; and for these—albeit when they live at their own charges they live on fried fish and gin—it is necessary to provide strengthening meats and nourishing soups lest that muscle, which they never employ but for the good of their species, should become wasted. I do not mean to say that every man in this section of our company was actually and professionally a thief, or even skittle-sharper, or common rogue and vagabond within the meaning of the Act. But it seemed to me, from what I chanced to overhear, that it was quite a matter of accident if he was not embarked in some one of these callings. The view which appeared to be generally taken of life was, that it was a state of natural antagonism to the law of the land, and the nearest approach to an elevated moral sentiment that I heard took somewhat the form of the opinion held by the turnkey in *The Old Curiosity Shop*—that felony was a kind of disorder, like scarlet fever or erysipelas: some people had it and some hadn't, just as it might be. In fact, if not all of the jail-bird species, they clearly belonged to the class from which that noble army of martyrs is chiefly recruited, and, next to the topic of the day, prisons, penitentiaries and houses of correction formed the staple of their conversation, as far as I could make out from the scraps it was my privilege to overhear. There was, however, no rancour or bitterness expressed about them. They seemed to be treated as things of course, and were discussed very much as continental hotels are discussed by a couple of newly returned tourists. Millbank was abused for its soup, or Coldbath-fields commended for its cocoa, precisely as the cuisines at different clubs are compared and criticised by West End men. Perhaps it is really in this light that these establishments come to be looked at in process of time by the criminal classes. For are not prisons in many respects their clubs—quiet havens of retirement from the cares and worries of domestic life, where they get a host of luxuries and comforts not obtainable at home, well lighted and airy rooms, good attendance, excellent cookery, and the use of a well-selected library? And might we not, in lieu of

their present unmeaning names, aptly rebaptize them as the "United Scoundrels," the "Prig and Burglar," the "Larcenæum," &c.?

I must do these gentlemen the justice of saying, that though they did talk a little "shop," they seemed to me, one and all, to have come out simply for enjoyment and not business, and I believe not one of them would have picked a pocket on this occasion unless under circumstances of irresistible temptation. The excursion was just the sort of one they could enjoy freely, and being distinctly unlawful, it did not compromise any of their principles. And here, it strikes me, is an argument in favour of prize-fights, especially of the humble sort. If all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy, continual stealing and no recreation will certainly not make Prig a better member of society, and fights and executions furnish the only kind of recreation he cares about. As surely as there will be flies where there is garbage, so surely will there be criminal classes in a large city: sanitary reform may do a great deal, but the plague will always exist to some extent. In certain *cafés* in fly-plagued towns, they leave out lumps of sugar and messes of sweetstuff which become centres of insect enjoyment, and save some considerable consumption of the refreshments. In the same manner would London gain if amusement were more liberally provided for its predatory tribes. Hangings now occur so rarely, and at such irregular intervals, that they can no longer be depended upon as a source of amusement, and perhaps we are to some extent bound to make up for the deficiency by an enlightened policy with regard to prize-fights.

The only exception to this general decency of behaviour, that I remember, was on the part of a young man, who, from his appearance, I would wager was never four and twenty consecutive hours out of the hearing of Bow Bells, but who, nevertheless, with a remarkable country accent and great simplicity of manner, asked me if I didn't think his mother would be greatly surprised when she heard he had been to a "proize battle," and then proposed to me to join in a game of chance with him and his pal in the cabin. I heard him afterwards talking to his pal, and from their conversation I think it probable his mother would not have been a bit surprised if she had heard of his being hanged in front of Newgate. A striking contrast to this insidious and self-seeking conduct was that of a venerable gentleman, who, in the most open-hearted way, communicated to me the newest and most approved plan for disposing of property feloniously acquired. Not to be personal he put an imaginary case, and showed how A B, having in a crowd possessed himself of a watch, might readily and safely convert it into money. I forget the process.

It must not be supposed that all, or even the greater number of us, were of this class. Among the better sort was one individual whose appearance contrasted most favourably with that of those about him. He was neatly and well, but very quietly dressed in a black frock-coat, black silk necktie, grey trousers, unexceptionable boots, and, perhaps, as glossy a hat as I ever saw. Personally, he was stout, inclining to

embonpoint, with pleasant features, and a merry dark eye. I do not say "black eye," because, considering that it was a fighting company, it might be open to misconception. I observed, too, that he was treated with marked respect by every one, from the pickpocket to the publican. This, my friendly potman informed me, was Mr. Adams, official inspector or superintendent of the ring-keepers, but in his private capacity styled "The scientific Ned Adams," from the elegance of his performance in battle on the ribs and noses of some of England's proudest gladiators. Being a person of such appearance and importance, it was gratifying when, in the course of the day, he addressed me in very nearly the words used by Johnson to Don Juan when they met among the rabble in the slave-market. *He* might have passed for a gentleman anywhere, but I should have preferred not to attempt to gain admission into any select circle in the costume in which he found me. His conversation was perfectly in accordance with his appearance. It was agreeable, humorous, and instructive, and altogether superior to what one might have expected from a member of a profession in which mental culture is quite subordinate to physical training. Through his means I came to have the pleasure of speech, and in one or two instances of refreshment also, with divers men of eminence in the world of science. There was the Spider, then champion of the featherweights and in the zenith of his fame, a pocket Hercules, and now, I am happy to believe, a prosperous publican. Also Mr. Jack Jones, of Portsmouth, celebrated, as Mr. Adams told me, for his capacity for punishment, in respect of which he possessed the virtue of gluttony—to use a technical term—to an extent that made him very generally beloved; and, indeed, his face looked about as impressionable as a street-door knocker. It was not many months after this, I think, that the terminator of delights and the separator of companions, as the *Arabian Nights* would say, removed this ornament of society from the trying sphere in which I met him, through his falling with his head against a stake, while in the active pursuit of his profession; and he died in that ring on which he had shed a lustre, surrounded by a circle of mourners who had backed him to win heavily.

In such society of course the hours flew lightly by, and I was under no temptation to kill time by excessive indulgence in the first-class refreshments. Indeed, from what I saw, I rather rejoiced that I had had the foresight to make as substantial a breakfast as the hour permitted before starting. The articles of food which the well-known management of Mr. Glossop had provided appeared to be simply bread, a large quantity of highly adipose boiled beef, and a collection of enormous hams of a white and flabby complexion like habitual dram-drinkers, which broke out into horrible and profuse perspirations of grease in the confined atmosphere of the cabin.

Bend after bend of the river was passed in the wake of our consort, the steamer which carried Mr. Blank and his fortunes, and we were soon in the heart of the Dutch scenery of the lower Thames. Here, after a good

deal of shouting and telegraphing from one vessel to the other, we came to a stop close into the Kentish side of the river. The place was as lonely and apparently as lifeless as a slice of the Great Desert; and where the boats came from—whether they dropped from the sky or rose from the mud of the river—I cannot say, but scarcely had the paddles ceased to work when we were surrounded by a small fleet of rickety-looking tubs, whose owners competed furiously for the honour of taking us ashore. I was greatly pleased to observe here that, whatever might be said of the rest of us, our fighting men did not appear to belong to that division of mankind, described as the Great Unwashed. Most of them, in fact nearly all except those whose services were immediately required in arranging the preliminaries, stripped and were overboard in a twinkling, revelling in the enjoyment of a refreshing bath. I cannot say that I saw any of coster or criminal sections follow this excellent example, and it struck me that perhaps the phenomenon was one of the good results of the training the professional pugilist undergoes, in the course of which he becomes acquainted with the virtues of cold water, and acquires a taste for it, at least as an external application. Indeed the balance of personal cleanliness was with our fighting friends in a very marked degree, shabbily and poorly dressed though many of them were.

At the courteous invitation of Mr. Adams, I accompanied him and a select party to the shore. Climbing over the high bank of the river we descended upon one of those vast expanses of low-lying pasture-land which here stretch along both sides of the Thames for many miles. The scenery was perhaps tame, being, but for the line of hills in the distance, very like anywhere in Holland; but as no policeman showed within the visible horizon we all expressed ourselves charmed with the landscape. The order, smartness, and organization shown in making the arrangements, were really admirable. The ground was marked out, stakes driven down, ropes run through their rings rapidly, but without any noise or confusion, each worker obeying his orders with the quiet promptitude of a well-drilled soldier; and by the time the bathers rejoined us, we of the inner ring were seated comfortably, while those of the outer stood in a compact circle seven or eight feet farther off from the centre of attraction. In the intervening space the ring-constables were pacing about flourishing their mighty whips and driving back the crowd wherever it seemed inclined to bulge forward. A mere threat was generally sufficient, and no wonder, for with one of those fairy wands a man might have cut open a rhinoceros. Then two small processions might be seen descending the bank, and presently the Pippin threw his cap into the ring, and diving under the ropes followed it himself, and advanced to shake hands with Mr. Blank.

Let not my sensitive reader be under any apprehension that I am going into the details of the entertainment which followed. That has been already done many times by pens far more elegant and graphic than mine, for although of no public interest and for a small stake, this little encounter was upon the whole very much the sort of thing that has been

described so frequently of late. Besides, I have no gift for the sciences, exact or inexact, and should certainly break down were I to attempt to employ technical language. I think I should know an upper-cut again, if I should ever happen to meet one in society; for an instance of that charming manœuvre was pointed out to me, and, from the lively satisfaction with which we witnessed it, and the way we rubbed our noses in jubilant pantomime, I infer that it is considered to be attended with exquisite suffering when received on that sensitive feature. But beyond this, my acquaintance with the terminology of the ring is very superficial, and quite inadequate to the necessities of accurate description. Time after time the heroes met, and dodged, and fainted, and blows were stopped, or missed, or got in with a smart smacking sound, and then somehow one saw a pair of semi-naked bodies locked in a venomous embrace, belabouring rib, and head, and face with the disengaged arm; staggering about the ring, swaying to and fro, until they fell with a dull thud, on which it seemed to be the etiquette for each to lie on the broad of his back, and allow his seconds to carry him to his corner as much after the fashion of a corpse as possible. The ground grew more and more like mud, and the drawers of the men got dirtier and dirtier, and their faces,—at least that of our poor Pippin—more and more disfigured, and so the pleasant game went on. I must confess, however, that possibly owing to the deficiency I have above alluded to, I could not bring myself to regard it with the interest it deserved. It seemed to me to have more monotony and sameness about it than an exhilarating pastime ought to have, and after witnessing about a dozen rounds, I worked my way out through the crowd, and went and sat down on the top of the bank with some other sated excursionists.

Here, as from the top of some mountain ridge which keeps apart two races, we commanded a view of two widely different scenes. On the one side the broad shining river, placid as a mill-pond, and the rich green pastures of Essex, dotted with cattle, and overhung with a soft golden haze. On the other, a surging yelling crowd with a small clear space in its centre, where two figures, piebald with blood and dirt, tumbled about wildly. Out there Britannia is ruling the waves in her accustomed stately manner, but across our frontier here she is powerless. That tall ship sweeping slowly by astern of the fussy little tug is perhaps bound for New Zealand, and the gentleman in black on the poop may be a missionary going out to convert Maories. Ha! ha! if he only knew what was going on over here, perhaps he would think it hardly worth his while going so far. Here comes the Boulogne steamer with her Alphonse, as yet not in the least unwell, on deck. When your Henri meets you at the railway-station to-morrow, Alphonse, after kissing him on both cheeks, you will tell him that England is the country the most sad, the country of the spleen, in short; but, *mon ami*, you have no notion how jolly we are on this side of the bank. Nor, for the matter of that, have the people on board the Margate boat, who look with wonder at a row of figures

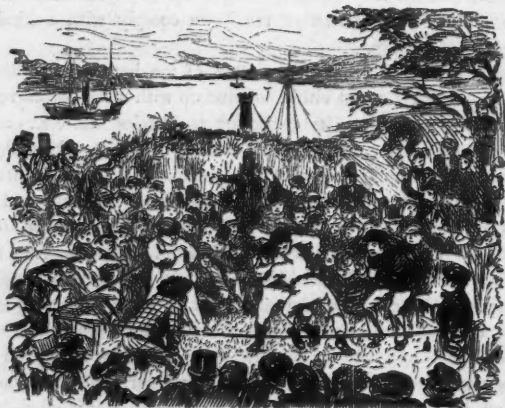
perched on an embankment in such a desolate spot. A persevering band is musically examining Ben Bolt as to his recollection of the scenes and sounds among which he passed his boyhood; there is a mill at work here, to the "clack" of which it would rather puzzle Mr. Bolt to keep time in song, as we find he was fond of doing in his youth.

At last there is a great shout. It is over. The sponge has been thrown up, and the crowd is dancing round and embracing Mr. Blank. As for Pippin, he is a beaten man, and may go drown himself for aught we care. Him his faithful seconds, as in the case of that eminent heavy-weight Dares, *ducunt ad naves*—lead to the boats, *genua ægra trahentem, jactantemque utroque caput*, or,—to translate into *Bell's Life* English for the benefit of the ladies—with his knowledge-box all awry, and very groggy upon the pins. A critic near me pronounces the fight to have been "as one-sided a affair as ever he see;" but from the glimpse I get, I should feel more inclined to apply that remark to the Pippin's face. I have seldom seen anything more one-sided in expression than that is. But what of that? He'll come all right again in time, and with this consoling reflection we embark and proceed on our homeward voyage in the highest spirits. We have had a charming day, and no interruption from the authorities; and though we are somewhat disappointed with the science and gluttony of the Pippin, we bear him no ill-will. On the contrary, when the Spider goes round with the cap, and, addressing us individually as "guvnor," urges us to "remember the beaten man, and chuck in a brown or two," we comply with a kind of contemptuous good-nature.

I know very well what is expected of me here. According to the strict rules of Art, I ought either to wind up with a few moral remarks on the brutality of the Ring, its degrading tendencies, &c. &c., quite in the style of a heavy father in a five-act comedy; or else, taking the perhaps more fashionable tone, conclude by upholding it as an institution calculated to cultivate the virtue of manliness among us, and promote physical training. But I prefer to let the reader moralize, if he will, in whichever direction his instinct leads him. The materials for reflection which I humbly offer to him have been collected in the most impartial spirit. I have not, consciously at least, exaggerated any of the details. We had no doubt as choice a collection of scoundrels as London could produce; and yet for such a company they were well behaved. The language used was of the strongest character, but the demeanour of the crowd, though frequently boisterous, was invariably good-humoured. Utterly lawless most of them unquestionably were, and yet there was an order and discipline, preserved, it seemed to me, more by common consent than by authority, which, all things considered, was very remarkable. In fact the most unpleasant impression I carried away arose, not from the actual spectacle itself—and after all there is a great deal of nonsense talked about the mere physical suffering of the performers in the ring—but from the heartless indifference with which the beaten man seemed

to be treated, and, still more, from the money-making element which appeared to underlie the whole business. To stand up in public and pummel and be pummelled for the space of an hour, may be a low and brutal way of earning five-and-twenty pounds; still five-and-twenty pounds is something to a poor man. But an evidently experienced gentleman with whom I discussed the point put it in a totally different light. "He don't get the five-and-twenty," said he, alluding to Mr. Blank, of whom I had observed that I supposed he would be the richer by that amount. "Bless you, it goes to his backers; them as found the money for him. In course they wants something for their risk." "Then what did he really get?" was the question I put timidly. "Well," said my friend sententiously, "he'll get a new suit of clothes, and—" after a pause—"perhaps they may give him a fiver if they're werry pleased with him."

Given, a suit of clothes and a remote chance of a fiver, as the rewards of the victor: to find, and reduce to pounds, shillings and pence, the *solatia victo*?



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